The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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HOPELESS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EVELYN M. SIMPSON.

You greet the New Year gladly,—be it so.
I weep the dead Old Year,
To me so kind, so dear—
And I would I were with it under the drifted snow.

The New Year haply in its treasury
For you, sweet friend, may hold
Gifts, frankincense, and gold—
But for me—bereft and desolate, what cheer hath it for me?

Can it unlock the tomb of the dead Year,
And from its ashes gray
Restore to me one day?
Only the one brief day in a life so long and drear?

That rare midsummer day—in memory
Forever set apart—
Wherein this arid heart
Blossomed in sudden glory like the marvelous Aloe tree.

That day I was a queen, and ruled supreme.
What though my realm were wide,
Love bounded every side—
Ah! 'tis well to have been happy once, if only in a dream.

Can such a day e'er dawn on me again?
Never!—with hopeless eyes
I greet the New Year's skies.
Alas for me if I must live my full threescore and ten!

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER III.

WHAT IT COST.

Mr. Garth glanced at his younger daughter with the utmost incredulity, and for an instant forgot to say grace. Even after he closed his eyes he could not collect his thoughts, and groped in a strange fashion for him. Then Rachel began to pour the tea, and Mr. Thorndike passed the bread. Rachel's housekeeping soul was delighted as she viewed those thin slices of snowy bread with their crisp golden brown edges. Hardly another woman in Dedham had such luck, and everybody nearly begged a bit of her yeast cakes.

Mr. Garth felt strongly inclined to send Lucy away from the table. He was afraid that she would make a scene, perhaps refuse to obey him, and he felt quite sensitive about his authority. Then too he had been revolving another plan in his mind, and considered it wisest to be gracious.

They began to talk of the improvements in Dedham, the rise in real estate, the new streets and factories. Now and then Mr. Thorndike appealed to Lucy for the verification of some statement. She felt herself quite extinguished, but she still held a reserve card and a trump at that—her beauty. She warmed and glowed in the lamp light like some rare opening flower from tropical lands. Now and then she shook a flood of golden waves over her drooping shoulders. Then it was the gleam of her white, slender hand, the flash of her deep, lustrous eyes. She felt in a mood of enchantment, as if indeed she were acting a part, and so she was, early in life, poor child!

Mr. Thorndike was by no means delicate or ethereal. Everything appealed in the strongest manner to his taste, the preserves were richness, the cold tongue soft enough to melt in one's mouth, the custard delightful, and the cake superb. He allowed himself to be persuaded into a second helping of fruit cake, it had just that damp fragrant deliciousness that he liked.

Rachel watched him with a good deal of complacency. She had a vague idea that the royal road to a man's heart was through his stomach, and it did not lower him in her sight. Lucy thought—"if I *should* ever marry him, how nice it would be to have Rachel come and keep house—but I suppose she wouldn't. I wonder if there are any splendid cooks to be had in the world!"

And then she smiled in that peculiar way as if richly satisfied with some wandering fancy of her own.

They rose presently. Mr. Garth seemed to grow pompous and severe.

"Rachel," he commanded, "conduct Mr. Thorndike to the other room. Lucy, I wish to see you a few moments."

She raised her eyes to Mr. Thorndike like some wild, shy thing, hunted to the last covert. Her lips quivered, and her eyes seemed fairly to throb, as if they were tremulous with a distinct life. But he could not translate their meaning—it was so much Sanscrit to him.

Rachel cast a longing glance at her china, but she obeyed with a feeling of gratification that Lucy was about to be taken to task for her high crimes and misdemeanors.

Mr. Garth approached her, and his greenish eyes fairly glared. He caught Lucy by the shoulder and shook her.

"How dared you!" he began in a low, hoarse voice, his face white with passion. "How dared you, after what I said?"

Her insolence and effrontery were gone. Her heart beat with great frightened bounds, and every nerve shrunk from the contact.

"How dared you! disobedient and ungrateful child. If the Lord was just He would cut you off in your sins! Beware, lest at the last, like another evil doer, you find no place for repentance!"

"*He* is more merciful than you," she could not help replying.

The eyes glared fiercely upon her again. He was amazed that she ventured to speak.

"I tell you, Lucy Garth, that I'm master of this house, and master of you until you are eighteen. *I will* be obeyed. Brave me once again in this matter and you'll find that it is at your cost! You'll repent it bitterly!"

Oh, she was sick at heart, weak, miserable! She was paying dear for her trifling bit of vanity. If she could run away—drown herself even!

"You'll rue it, I tell you! You're given over soul and body to the evil one, and if no one stood by to pluck you as a brand from the burning, you'd go straight on to destruction. No child of mine shall walk in the broad path of evil without my voice being raised against it! You are stiff-necked and rebellious, full of sin to the core. I've prayed for you and with you, and what good does it do?"

"None," she might have said honestly. She wanted no such prayers, she even thought, heathen as she was, that the broad road looked inviting.

"Answer me!" and his grasp on her arm tightened, while his angry and cruel face was distorted by her mental vision.

She wrenched herself away with sudden courage, for her arm felt nearly crushed.

"Don't touch me," she cried in terror. "Keep away, for you make me feel savage. Say what you have to say, and let me go!"

"Hetty," he called, "bring a candle."

The maid obeyed the command. Mr. Garth took it and motioned Lucy up the stairs to her room.

"I advise you to spend the night in prayer on your bended knees," he said in his most sanctimonious manner that made her feel as if she should scream. "Think of your heinous sins to your God and to me, your wicked vanity that is luring your soul to perdition. And never, while you are in my house dare to appear in this frouzy, ungodly manner. It is a shame to any respectable woman. Remember this—at your peril!"

"Oh, go!" she cried in her anguish. "In mercy leave me!"

He was not to be thus bidden away by his sinful child. He exhorted, he even prayed, but she sat on the bed's side, her dry eyes strained and wild with pain, and her scarlet lips curled in scorn.

At last, when every nerve was stretched to the last point of endurance, he bade her good-night, closed and locked the door.

She flew to the window and raised it. Her first impulse was to precipitate herself headlong at his very feet, a crushed and mangled mass. Just so her mother had battled in impotent rage. And yet both were women whom a word might lead. Oh, blind and cruel masters, are your eyes never to be opened?

Of course she paused. There is a sort of latent combativeness that hates to yield before it has made one good, fair fight. She felt that hers was yet to come.

But the night air, chilly and piercing as it was, did her good. It cooled the scarlet heat of passion in her cheeks, and the throbbing fever of her lips. Clasping her hands, she looked up at the pitiless sky, dark and leaden, and cried—

"Mother! mother!"

I hope her mother's heart was not yearning and suffering over her child, whom she was powerless to assist, even amid all the glories of Heaven.

As Lucy became calmer she went back to her little cracked mirror, the consolation of youth and beauty always. And then she whispered to herself in a triumphant tone—

"He *did* like me. It was because I am pretty; and if I should see him again at the Dorcas—for I can't well be shut up then. I wonder if he would ever care enough to—to marry any one!"

She hated them both for keeping her up here away from Mr. Thorndike. If she had only made him promise that he would *surely* come!

Her candle was burning low, so she hurried into bed without the form of penitence her father had enjoined. In his blind, arbitrary way he prided himself upon doing his duty to his refractory child, just as Rachel did in her cold, methodical fashion. That she had not been made a hypocrite, was owing to her own sense of truth and honor; but they were doing their best to crush it out.

Mr. Garth returned to the parlor in evident discomposure. His visitor was quite too obtuse to make fine distinctions however. Rachel stole a few moments to attend to her beloved china and damask napkins, and then she took out some of her Dorcas work and sewed in a heaven of content.

Mr. Thorndike found it very dull after his talk with Lucy, that seemed so sparkling by contrast. If Rachel could have but known how immensely she was losing, as he compared her with her absent sister, she would not have felt flattered. But as she did *not* know, she stood the scrutiny with great complacency.

"I suppose they make her wash the dishes;" Mr. Thorndike mused in his unquiet soul, *her* meaning Lucy; but when he had waited an hour or more, he ventured upon a bold step.

"Where is Miss—your daughter, I mean?"

"Gone to bed. She flagrantly disobeyed me—and that no child has ever done in my house, without punishment of some kind. I hope it may prove a salutary lesson. Women, of all others, should be strictly obedient. If they do not respect their parents, how will they honor their husbands!"

Mr. Garth delivered this in a dictatorial tone; and then studied the pattern of the carpet, which was an ingrain, in extremely modest hues, the device beginning one side of the room and ending upon the other.

"Stout old governor!" Mr. Thorndike commented internally. "Wonder how she liked it?"

She was crying herself to sleep in another paroxysm of anguish.

"I guess I'll go." And Mr. Thorndike walked slowly toward the fireplace.

"Oh, no, Thorndike, don't be in a hurry. You can go home when there's no other place, you know." And Mr. Garth looked consciously elated at his secondhand facetiousness.

"I'll drop in to-morrow. After dinner I'm going down to Cousin Hollister's. There's a mortgage to settle."

"You had better go in for some property here, Thorndike. It'll be a good investment."

"Think so?"

"Yes. Oh, Cunningham's place has been offered."

"Pretty grand, isn't it?"

"Yes; but going at nothing. He's cramped—as such a man deserves to be. They're all been flying high, the Cunninghams; and pride must have a fall." With which Mr. Garth shook his head in extreme satisfaction. "The place can be bought for half its value; cash down. A good chance for speculation."

Mr. Thorndike was tired and disappointed, and inclined to be cross. What did he care about the Cunningham place, or how many falls pride had!

"Yes, I must go;" almost abruptly.

He shook hands with Rachel, and said "good-night." His host followed him to the door.

"It is very dark," said Mr. Garth. "You had better stay and take a bed with us!"

"Oh, no, thank you; I'm used to roughing it on cloudy nights. I'll be in again, soon."

He went stumbling along, wondering a little if he could have seen Lucy in the morning.

"A pretty girl, by Jove! Garth has a nice pile, too. But a fellow ought to have a good deal of money with Rachel! How she's faded! Must be pretty hard on to thirty, though."

Mr. Garth came back to his seat, and presently began to dilate upon Lucy's enormities.

"There's too much of her mother in her," he exclaimed, with an ominous shake of the head. "No one knows the anxious hours and the prayers that unregenerate child has cost me! What it will be as she grows older, I shudder to contemplate."

And well you may, Mr. Garth. Her future that might have been so bright and happy, was deeply shadowed by your hands; and her salvation was worked out amid bitter suffering.

Rachel and her father were peculiar friends in a cold, rather repressed fashion. He told her many of his plans, and she listened—all he required of her; he bewailed the sins of his youngest born, and she sympathized, if the feeling had in it warmth enough for that. Sometimes he touched upon business and the people with whom he came in contact. Still, he was pompous and dogmatic even with her; but she had no keen nerves to be rasped.

"Thorndike has not changed much," he said, presently, holding his slippered feet to the fire.

"No. I should have recognized him anywhere."

"A fine fellow. A good, sharp, energetic business man. Made a fortune out in the coppers, I heard, Rachel!"

"Sir?" as he paused. She, at least, was respectful.

He was looking at the fire, not at her. The inattention was of no moment.

"Rachel," and he cleared his throat—"I could not wish a better husband for you."

Rachel Garth did not blush nor betray any surprise.

"I shall do handsomely by you. You were always my favorite child. I'm not a poor man, Rachel."

"No, father."

She uttered this with conscious pride, and thought too of the piles of bed and table linen packed away in the press up stairs, and the bed-quilts she could count by dozens. It was all hers, of course. She would never have thought of sharing it with her idle and foolish sister.

"I'd like to see you well settled, Rachel. You have been a good daughter, and good daughters make good wives."

He announced this in his inflated fashion, as if it had been a grand discovery.

"I am sure I owe it all to my judicious training," she returned meekly.

"Yes, you deserve it, Rachel, you deserve it."

She thought she did also. Her humility extended only in a limited range, and was oftener the outward form than the inward grace.

Rachel Garth sat and sewed complacently, while her father figured up that Rachel's children would be worth a million at the very least.

Lucy was called at the usual hour the next morning, for the Garths were early risers. She heard the key click in the door, and was no longer a prisoner. So she rubbed her lovely sleepy eyes and wished she was a resident of that happy land where people did as they liked.

One of the worst things was yet to come. Her father always labored to make her express some contrition. As a little child she did it from very fear, but now she had gained sufficient courage to refuse. She hated the talk, the whining tone, and the eyes so keen and masterly.

She entrenched herself behind a sullen dignity, and admitted nothing. As well talk to the wind.

"You will have nothing but bread and water to-day," was her father's fiat.

Hetty received her orders, but then Hetty had a weak point and could be coaxed. Lucy therefore did not starve.

"It's as much as my life's worth," she said. "Oh, child, if you'd only listen to them prayers of your father and repent. He allus does it for your good."

Lucy, the little wretch, laughed and put her arms around Hetty's scrawny neck.

"You're the best Christian of the lot, Hetty. You feed the hungry and visit those in prison sometimes. I believe I love you."

Lucy was on her good behavior that day and the next. The obnoxious curls were hidden in the thickest net that she could find. Cold as it was she spent much time in her room, and any one with the least penetration could see that she carried a mystery in her face.

Thursday was a bright, cheerful day. A fire was made in the parlor again, and a great basket brought from the pantry. The Dorcas people were usually very prompt. Rachel had to look after the supper. She dealt the butter and biscuits out to Hetty, sliced the ham and tongue in the merest wafers, and then arrayed herself in a dress that was not her best by any means. She never gave a thought to Mr. Thorndike during these preparations.

"She looks like a fright," commented Lucy inwardly. "Oh, I wonder if he will come! What did they tell him the other night, and what did he think? If I *can* make him like me!"

She had reached that climax of mental aspiration already. If any one would like her and marry her, she would hail it gladly as a means of escape from this galling serfdom. Some way the chain must be broken.

You could see a fine desperation in those deep eyes, one of the resolves that wins or perishes in the attempt.

Poor child! how was she to know that it was but an exchange of masters? that hard as this slavery was, the other could be still more intolerable? No warning hand was raised, alas! most pitiful of all, there was not one soul who loved her well enough to be solicitous for her welfare. They all considered food and raiment sufficient, as if the soul could feast upon that!

CHAPTER IV.

THE DORCAS.

It was high tide with the Dorcas. Miss Kip had sailed in with her, "Well! I never was so beat in my life!" which was a kind of streamer flying from the mast-head. A woman of five and forty, with a very high forehead and very thin sandy hair. She

INDIAN WOMAN MOURNING THE DEAD.

The above represents an Indian woman at the grave of her dead husband. She has come to mourn when the moon is at its full, and the spirit of the departed is supposed to be near; and she has kindled a few sticks as an offering of her love.

The Indians bury their dead in cemeteries, near the spots where they encamp from time to time. The graves are of various kinds; sometimes separate, marked by stones and posts, and sometimes by a huge mound of earth, beneath which the bones of a whole tribe lie. Some tribes do not bury at all, but suspend the dead in the air, between poles.

It is considered by the Indians a great virtue to respect a grave, and a great insult to disturb one. Not very long ago, two tribes quarrelled, and prepared to fight. The night before the battle, a young Indian warrior stole out from his own tents, and came to the cemetery belonging to the opposite tribe. There, as quietly as he could, he rifled many of the graves, took down the flags of mourning, tore up the earth, and overturned some of the stones. When he had finished, he came back and told what he had done, and the delight of his tribe at the news was great. There would be no common fight next day now—it would be war.

The injured tribe next morning discovered the havoc, and their alarm was as great as the joy of the other. They felt that they had been disgraced beyond hope of ever making peace. In their distress, the whole tribe made a vow never to rest till every member, old and young, of the other side should be slain.

When death enters an Indian tribe, the relatives mourn by loud wailings for days, painting their faces and tearing their clothes. The Indian looks forward to a future state, and he believes it will be one of endless hunting and fishing, where the plains will be full of buffalo and deer, and the lakes full of fish, and where his own wigwam will be so snugly placed as to be secure from all attack.

did not have the traditional sharp nose, but her teeth were narrow and long, and gave you a sort of uncomfortable feeling, as if in any emergency she might take to biting.

There was a knot of middle-aged women around her, eager for the dish of gossip. Then at one window a group of younger ladies, who were still discussing Mrs. Freeman, the missionary who had gone from *their* church to far Burmah. She had sent a letter home to Mrs. Howe, begging for a box of different articles, and the Dorcas was trying to complete them this afternoon. Three or four of these were envying Mrs. Freeman in their hearts. Why couldn't *they* as well have gone off in triumph, instead of wasting their sweetness on the desert air of Dedham.

Lucy sat quite apart, sewing on a pinafore for Henry Martyn Freeman, aged four. The tricky Burman servants, the snakes, centipedes, boiled rice, and journeys to the interior were of no great moment to her, neither Miss Kip's strongly seasoned dish. She was wondering for the hundredth time at least whether *he* would come.

Presently there was a lull among the elders. Nearly everybody's short-comings had been discussed, Mrs. Burnam's turned alpaca picked to pieces, Mrs. Snow's new bonnet held up to execration, the Cunninghams' extravagances severely condemned, and Mrs. Deacon Peters "had told her husband *he* needn't look for that last quarter's pew rent to be paid. People who could flaunt around in silks and satins, and have *Persby* carpets, never gave much to the cause of religion."

There was a pause, and they all took breath. Their eyes glared furtively round for the next bit of prey.

"So Mr. Thorndike's come back, Rachel?" and Mrs. Bowers slyly took a pinch of snuff.

"No, you *don't* say!"

That *was* news to Miss Kip, for a wonder.

"Yes, he was here to tea on Tuesday evening."

Rachel Garth said this with a certain air of meek importance.

"Why, where is he staying?"

"He went to his cousin Hollister's on some business."

"Is he going in actively with your father, Rachel dear?" asked Mrs. Peters plaintively, as if the fact would aggrieve her very much.

"I don't know."

"Will he stay?" asked Miss Kip.

"I believe he intends to."

Rachel Garth was not much of a gossip. Being reticent by nature, it was necessary to question her at every step.

"Now there *will* be a time. Girls, do you hear that?" and Miss Kip glanced toward the window circle. "Why, Mr. Thorndike's come back! Now I *do* hope there won't be any goings on in this congregation. The way girls sometimes act about a marriageable man is scandalous!"

Considering that Miss Kip had "acted" unsuccessfully from eighteen to forty-five, she was quite capable of judging.

"Mr. Thorndike is not a young man."

"I'm sure he's not an old one," snapped Miss Kip. "His mother and my mother were bosom friends, and always wore the same colored gowns. Many's the time we've played together as children. Why, I wonder that he didn't call! Poor mother would have been so glad. She used to look upon him quite as a son."

Some of the girls in their twenties tittered a little. Ah, girls, when you are forty and single it will be no laughing matter.

"He's made a fortin' off there on the Lakes, I've heard say," Mrs. Bowers announced.

There was another onslaught upon Rachel. How Mr. Thorndike looked, how much he was worth, where he expected to live, what he intended to do, and every question that ingenuity could invent. Rachel felt herself quite a heroine, since she was the object of so much attention.

"I wish I'd asked him to the Dorcas," she thought within herself.

Lucy smiled in her odd self-absorbed fashion. What if she knew more about Mr. Thorndike's movements than all the rest?

It was five o'clock and beginning to grow dusky. *He* had not come in the early train, but if he took the next one, she might reasonably expect him at six. Rachel went to see about the supper. Lucy brought some lights, and then ran up stairs in the gathering gloom. Jerking off her hat her beautiful hair fell to her waist.

"It's a shame I can't curl it! They're a mean, hateful, jealous set, every one of them!" which included her father and Rachel half a dozen times over. "Oh, wouldn't it make them stare! And *he* thought them so beautiful! Just wait till I have a chance!"

She wet the comb and passed it through the long, silken tresses; then, instead of twisting it in the usual coil, she gathered it loosely, parting out a few ends, and took from her bosom a net that she had been crocheting at intervals. It was made from fine black glace cotton, as glossy as silk, and with large meshes. There would be a golden glimmer through that! And she knew well, cunning little minx, that when her hair became dry, it would be one mass of bewildering waves, and perhaps a few stray, suggestive curls. Then she tied a blue ribbon about her shapely head. It had been washed once, already. How she hated all these petty meannesses and uncalled-for economies! They did it to humble her pride; but pride throve like a giant, and was only waiting for an opportunity to rear its head.

The gentlemen began to drop in. It must be confessed that the old First Church in Dedham could not boast of very decided intellectuality or progress. It was narrow in soul, opposed to any innovations; and when part of the congregation had once undertaken some improvements, it became the cause of a quarrel and division. The energetic ones branched out, and soon became a flourishing society. It was a power in Dedham—had a reading-room, and young men's society; and their social circles were of the higher order, and really entertaining. Consequently, these people kept more strictly to their old ways, and indulged in sundry flings at the worldliness and pride of the Shiloah Society.

There were very few young men among the First Congregation, and those of the fledgeling order, but they were made much of, nevertheless. They seldom condescended to make their appearance until eight or so in the evening.

Lucy went down again very quietly. Somehow she seemed under a sort of social ostracism. Miss Kip had been her Sunday-school teacher, and labored in season and out of season—especially the latter, for her conversion, and finally pronounced her the most hardened child that she ever saw; but latterly, Miss Kip had taken the office of Assistant Superintendent; and Miss Gorham, who wore gold-bowed spectacles, and was less energetic about lost souls, had supplied her place. The Sunday-school was more comfortable for Lucy therefore.

At half-past six, the first table were invited out to supper. These were the married people, and those who could not by any possible stretch of the imagination be considered young. The rest meanwhile had a good time in the parlor. Lucy always helped wait upon the table.

For the last half hour Lucy Garth had been in the most intense state of suspense. With every knock at the door her heart had bounded to her throat, and her pulses quivered. What if he should *not* come? In that case not only this evening, but *all* of life would be a blank. Courage, Lucy. Neither pains nor pleasures are outlived at seventeen.

Mr. Howe said a grace as long as ordinary prayers. Lucy began to carry the cups mechanically, gave Miss Kip's green tea to Mrs. Bowers, and that lady's weak coffee to Miss Kip. When mild Mr. Gorham, a bachelor of fifty summers, asked for a glass of water, she brought him milk.

"Lucy," said her sister severely, "if you can't pay eby better attention to your business, you may as well go to bed!"

This covert threat roused her a little. Being sent to bed was not a pleasant possibility.

At last, when they were eating and drinking and talking in good earnest, she stepped into the hall for a breath of air. What a miserable farce this life was! Why were people born into the world to be jostled about, starved, misunderstood, all their best purposes turned to ill, their hidden fire warming no one, and only scorching themselves! What was the use of the pain and anguish that no one ever knew or saw save the one wretched soul that was even forbidden to cry aloud! Why was she not like these other people? Why did a word or a look sink deep in her soul that every one pronounced shallow and frivolous? Why—

A knock at the door interrupted her reverie. It was sharp and decisive, and she opened it in the same manner, ready to frown at the intruder.

It was Mr. Thorndike!

"Oh, ah—hillo!" he said in his rather bluff fashion. "I'm glad to see *you*. Show's under good headway, I guess."

A vague feeling of dislike and detestation sprang up in Lucy Garth's heart. The man was coarse, without the graces of either refinement or feeling.

"Did you think I wasn't coming?"

Lucy started violently. If she had obeyed her impulse and fled from this man, and fought her way up to the light alone!

"Why, how white and scared you look! And your curls! By Jove! I'll murder the one who's cut them off!"

"They're not cut," Lucy returned in strange bewilderment. "And—I had given you up. Walk in."

"Did you care about my coming?"

His eyes were fond and eager, his face handsome in a kind of healthy animal fashion. Somehow it went to her heart.

"Because, I wouldn't give a pin for the rest! The train met with a detention, but didn't I hurry along, and if you've no welcome for me—"

His voice and face had a curious effect upon her. And then the exultant thought swept over her that she *could* make this man love her, could leave this hateful life behind at a bound.

She flushed deeply and then smiled, and with it the tears came to her eyes. How very lovely she looked! It moved him strangely, and before either of them understood the import of the caress, he had taken her sweet face in his hands and kissed the soft, fragrant, trembling lips.

"Oh!" she said with a little sigh which she hardly dared utter above her breath, and though it was fright, the repression toned it down and gave it a touch of longing and satisfaction.

"I could make her love me!" he thought, and with it came the resolve.

"You haven't said that you were glad to see me!"

"Haven't I?" with a saucy smile that made her radiant. "Why, do you suppose I asked you to come because I would be sorry to see you?"

"Well, no;" and he laughed.

"Was there an accident?"

"Oh no, at least not much. A pipe or a pivot or a screw—I don't believe any one knew except the engineer. What are they doing in there?"

A Babel of voices issued from the room. The hall was long and this little corner quite out of sight. The young folks had shut themselves in the parlor, and were absolutely telling fortunes!

"Eating and drinking!" with the utmost disdain.

"That coffee smells tempting."

"Will you go in and have some?"

She raised her head haughtily, and her voice had an icy crispness in it.

"Not now," and he smiled in a peculiarly satisfied manner. "Will they send you to bed to-night?"

Lucy colored and gave a little vexed laugh.

"It was awful mean. By Jove! do they think you a child?"

"I believe they do," rather dryly.

"I found it dull enough without you," he said, puzzled by the changes in her manner.

"Lucy!" some one called. "Where *is* Lucy?" the last in Rachel's voice.

"Oh, I must go. Wait a moment. I'll send father out. Yes, it *is* better."

He clung to her hand, but she drew it away with seeming reluctance.

"What is the matter with you, Lucy? Why can't you stay where you are wanted?"

Rachel's tone was sharp and her brow drawn into a frown.

"Some one knocked at the door and I went; it was Mr. Thorndike—I must tell father."

This in a low, hurried whisper, and she passed on to announce the new arrival.

Rachel smoothed her face, and wished she had worn a better dress—or even put on her brooch. So you see she was troubled with some small vanities as well.

Lucy had decided in a momentary flash of consideration, that it would not answer for *her* to bring Mr. Thorndike into the room. Those hawk-eyed gossips would pounce down upon her too soon, and set themselves to work watching every word and look. She was not quite sure of anything, even her own mind, and she had a fancy that it would not hurt Mr. Thorndike to hold a little aloof. The idea of being kissed at the second interview. Why this corps of propriety would tear her in pieces if they knew it.

Ah, Lucy, it was more the burst of honest admiration, than any idea of impertinent freedom. And yet how strange! No one ever kissed her save old Hetty and motherly Mrs. Howe, who had been kept home by the rheumatism.

Mr. Garth ushered Mr. Thorndike into the room; and great was the astonishment. The women took possession of him immediately, and asked a thousand questions, uttered a thousand wonders, and sighed profusely over his dear, dead father, who was a pattern, and his dear, dead mother, who was a saint. It was some time before he could get around to Rachel.

During this while, a host of feelings and impressions flitted through Lucy's brain. Mr. Thorndike was much the finest-looking man in the room, which perhaps was not saying a great deal. His figure was stout, strong, and with a certain harmony that cultivation might have moulded into manly grace. His face was bright, cheerful, and healthy; and the majority of people would have pronounced him handsome at once, those who were not on the keen scent for soul and the higher attributes. But after all, this is what makes the true man—though with some the body counts for a great deal.

It was not wonderful that it should obtain with Lucy at this stage of her life. She certainly would never be ashamed of Mr. Thorndike, she thought. Then she remembered that his hands, as they touched her cheek, were soft, that his lips were firm, and his breath sweet with health. A trifle coarse and rude, but that had probably arisen from his mode of life. She liked the geniality, the hearty voice, and she decided that he *was* superior to those here, to all whom she was in the habit of meeting.

By some accident he stationed himself at Rachel's side. She poured his coffee with a slow smile, expressed her regret that she had not asked him for this evening, and her pleasure that he had happened in to surprise them all. There were so many old friends. It must be very agreeable to meet them all again!

This was quite an effort for Rachel. He discreetly kept his own counsel, and glanced furtively at Lucy, who was most intent upon the duties of her office. How provoking that she would not even look! But Lucy was taking in all this attention and honor, and being won by it. It was a powerful ally for him.

Presently some one remembered the second table, and the leaders started reluctantly. Mr. Thorndike was not half through of course, so Miss Kip came back from the hall, marshalling in the second set, and began to wait upon them. Mr. Garth remained too, and Mr. Thorndike grew restless. How could he get away?

"Oh, there's Kitty Forbes," he said. "Why she was only a little school girl when I went away. I'll take a plate of sandwiches over to her.

Miss Kip longed to follow, but here was such an excellent opportunity to have a little talk with Mr. Garth. She had not quite given up all designs in this quarter. True, in one of her sympathetic conversations on the subject of the "unfortunate Mrs. Garth"—"a lazy, good-for-nothing hussy," she termed her elsewhere, Mr. Garth had said, with much decision and solemnity—

"I confess that my punishment was just, Miss Kip. I had no right to set such a woman over my dear Rachel, who has never given me an anxious thought in her life. But I have learned a lesson by this chastisement, which I hope the Lord will sanctify to me. I never shall pain my daughter by a similar trial!"

But if the daughter married, perhaps Mr. Garth would have no such conscientious scruples about Lucy's comfort; and Miss Kip almost ached to be *her* stepmother. She'd see if the child wouldn't walk in the straight and narrow way! It was best, therefore, to pause and do the agreeable to Mr. Garth, and learn what the prospect promised.

Mr. Thorndike marched over to Kitty Forbes, and blockaded Lucy in the corner.

"Come, you must take something, too," he said.

She picked up a sandwich in the daintiest manner possible—and gave him a smile in return. In fact, she was rapidly developing a spice of coquetry.

"Don't you want some coffee?"

"You could never get back if you went."

"Couldn't I? Why?"

He was not very sharp at discovering hidden meanings.

"Some one would keep you captive. There are so many old friends, and I am quite a new one."

But of more account than all the rest."

"Go for the coffee, then. Ten minutes from this, you will see me wearing the willow."

"Orange blossoms are sweeter. Isn't that what they wear?"

"They? Who?" in the most charming state of innocence.

"For recreant Knights?"

The dialogue had been carried on in the lowest of tones, both feeling intuitively that it was hardly wise to proclaim their interest in each other at this early stage. He went, but soon returned, and she bestowed upon him a most beguiling smile. Then they took up their by-play.

Lucy had to stop and help clear away the fragments. She washed and wiped dishes that night with a fervor rarely displayed in so distasteful a cause. She must see Mr. Thorndike for a few moments.

Fortune favored her. It always seems so easy to take the steps whereby one makes a wreck of life, so hard to climb the higher and rugged path leading to safety.

It was nearly eight o'clock when the supper was finished. For the next hour Mr. Thorndike was the hero of the evening. There had not been such a positively gay "Dorcas" for a long while. No one but he missed Lucy, and it would have fretted him a good deal if it had not been for his vanity. He had an inordinate share of that. To be made much of by these foolish girls and women was delightful. He liked to feel himself of importance, and some of the slow going men asked him about improvements and investments in a way that was exceedingly flattering. He was shrewd and clever. So he did very well, despite the thought of Lucy washing dishes, or gone to bed.

The doors were all open now. Some of the young men, unusually hilarious, proposed a game of blind man's buff, which would have been severely frowned down but for Mr. Thorndike's hearty approbation, for he thought the rest must be having a dreadfully dull time of it.

Lucy dried her hands, took off her big apron, and being sent out of doors by Hetty, ran around to the back hall way, resolving that she had done her duty by the kitchen. Mr. Thorndike stood by it just as she opened, and caught sight of the picture-like face. Instead of her coming in, he slipped out, and caught her with both hands.

"Oh," she said, struggling, "let me go! Some one will see! Oh, please!"

The voice was so deliciously entreating! He thought he would like to be coaxed in this fashion every day of his life.

"I don't mean that they shall;" and before she hardly knew were she was, he had whirled her down the path with his arm around her.

"What have you been doing all the time—washing dishes?"

"Yes," with an indignant stamp of her little foot.

There was a moon, but the sky was partially filled with drifting clouds. They broke away just at this moment, and disclosed her in her radiant loveliness. A tiny fringe of soft rings lay around the edge of her pearly forehead.

"Why won't they let you curl your hair?" he asked. "It's a shame!"

"Oh, everybody thinks it wicked!"

She thought her strongest point would be to make him admire irreligion, for she knew well that she could lay claim to none of its graces except in the natural way. At heart she felt that she was really better than some of the women with whom she came in contact. If left to herself she would have been strictly truthful, noble and just in her dealings, warm and generous in her temper, but she felt afraid that there must be something more than this. Would such flimsy faith and principles give one the strength of a martyr?

"What a set of humbugs! You must have a gay time of it!"

"Gay time! Oh, Mr. Thorndike, many and many a night I cry myself to sleep. Many a time I wish myself dead! What was I born for? No one wants me, no one cares for me!"

It was a very honest burst of feeling, without the slightest thought of effect.

He felt her trembling against his strong arm.

"Yes," he said, "*I* care for you. It's abominable that you should be so ill-used! Those old women have made Rachel as rigid and fussy as themselves. Why, your mother never was ugly to *her!*"

"Mamma was a sweet angel. They hate me for her sake. But oh! let us go in. I am cold, and they will miss you."

There was another reason. She was not quite ready to have him make desperate love to her. And yet his fond tones and strong arm seemed so good. She might overlook all the little things that were displeasing to her.

She did not understand then why these attractive and repellant forces had been given. She was so very ignorant of the world, of life, and most sad of all, her own soul.

Mr. Thorndike had received a check to his ardor, and would not have plunged headlong down the alluring stream, smooth as the tide appeared. A question came in his mind as to whether Mr. Garth meant to portion his daughters alike.

I told you in the beginning that he was not a noble or high-minded man. How Lucy would have turned from him if she could have read these sordid thoughts!

She would not go in with him, but ran round the kitchen way again and joined the party after the merriment had subsided, bearing with wonderful patience the many exclamations of, "Oh, you should have been here! There never was such a nice Dorcas!"

Mr. Thorndike managed to exchange several little sentences with Lucy. At last the usual hymns were proposed, and here he again distinguished himself. He had a fine bass voice. He was besieged immediately to come to church and sit in the choir.

There was a prayer made by Mr. Howe, and then the dispersion commenced. Miss Kip lingered, promising to come over and help pack the box for Mrs. Freeman. The next meeting was to be at Mrs. Bowers'. "Of course Mr. Thorndike would come—they had a good many gentlemen members, even if they couldn't sew."

"But I suppose they pay?" and with that Mr. Thorndike extracted a bill from his waistcoat pocket. "I'll come till this runs out, and then you must tell me."

Miss Kip simpered in a delighted state of mind, for her sharp eye caught sight of a V. Rachel looked delighted with her hero.

"I'm sure we're very, very grateful;" and Miss Kip pressed his hand with a sigh. If he were only a little older!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Floating Ocean Telegraph.

The latest scientific and commercial sensation is the proposition to establish an ocean telegraph with floating stations, or, in other words, to anchor a number of ships at available points in the ocean highways of commerce, and to connect them by submarine cables with land stations, so that messages can be received and sent from mid-ocean. At first thought, this scheme seems visionary and impracticable, though, when we learn that it has met with such favor in London that the English Government has given one of its ships, to be anchored sixty miles off Penzance Harbor, as an experimental station, we must acknowledge that there must be some grounds to anticipate success. In case of a favorable issue to the enterprise, one can scarcely estimate the beneficial results which would inure to the commercial world, though the matter could scarcely be of any great importance to the general public. In case of a maritime war, however, it seems to us that the maintenance of these floating stations would be a matter of some difficulty; for no power would wish the whereabouts of its cruisers to be announced to an enemy in time to frustrate its well-considered plans, or to warn its anticipated prey of danger. Still the project may prove successful, and, at all events, it is well worth a trial.—*Appleton's Journal.*

☞ THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.—Sam and Seth were talking about fencing, the art of self-defence, and the like; Sam remarked that he had seen a rail-*fence*.

"Pooh!" said Seth, "that's nothing; I have seen a hat-*box*."

☞ A PATHETIC APPEAL.—A paper in Stockton, Wis., has the following pathetic and irresistible appeal to its debtors:—"Come in. We cannot forgive our debts as our Heavenly Father; we are unable to do so; our powers are limited. But we can write receipts and stamp them nicely when full payments are made. Will you try us? We are waiting anxiously."

☞ "The Alexandria limp" is the latest fashionable absurdity. In order to imitate the walk of the Princess of Wales, who since her severe attacks of rheumatism in the knee has walked rather lame, the ladies of the fashionable world have taken to wearing on one foot a boot with a high heel, and on the other one with a plain sole, or no heel at all.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'Y 12, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $20—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 33 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet, which will run for about three months, is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

BACK NUMBERS.

We are so nearly out of the back numbers for October, November and December, that we find it necessary in the case of new clubs, to send only one set to each club. And the members of new clubs will oblige us by handing the back papers around, so that all can read them.

We have still a large supply of all the numbers for January, and can therefore date back subscriptions to the first of the year.

Those who prefer it, however, can begin their subscriptions with our present number, containing the opening of Miss Douglas's novelet.

SOME RECENT LETTERS.

Mr. M. S. B., of Delavan, Wisconsin, says:—

"Your Paper and Magazine I *must have*—they have become necessities to me."

Mr. T. G., of Lexington, Missouri, says:—

"Having been a subscriber to THE POST for twenty years, your paper is regarded as an old family friend; and we should miss it very much if it failed to visit us weekly."

Mr. N. A. G., of Lyndonsville, New York, says:—

"I think everything of my POST."

Mr. H. F., of Jordan, New York, says:—

"I have taken THE POST for nine years regularly, and we could hardly keep house without it."

The publishers of one of the country papers—we do not give the name of the paper, as we do not wish to prejudice any of our city competitors against it—writes to us as follows:—

"We have not received the last two numbers of THE POST. Please be kind enough to send them, as THE POST is *the very best exchange paper we have.*"

INCONSISTENT.

The resolutions passed by Societies, Boards of Directors, &c., after the death of a member, are generally rather inconsistent affairs,—as witness the following:—

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK,
NEW YORK, January 13, 1870.

At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees of this bank, held this day, the President announced the death of Mr. Felix Ingoldsby, whereupon the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Almighty God, in His manifest wisdom and goodness, has again seen fit to visit our midst and remove from amongst us our much beloved brother and respected fellow-member, Felix Ingoldsby, and,

Whereas, By the death of Felix Ingoldsby, this bank has cause to mourn his loss and regret the absence of his wise and liberal counsel in its deliberations, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank has heard, with sincere regret and heartfelt sorrow, of the decease of Felix Ingoldsby, one of the original founders of this institution.

In their own words, the Trustees have heard "with sincere regret and heartfelt sorrow" of what "Almighty God in His manifest wisdom and goodness" has done.

THE STAR COURSE OF LECTURES.—The second series of this fine course is now in progress. Rev. Mr. Chapin, G. W. Curtis, Prof. Morton, Bayard Taylor, J. G. Saxe, Prof. Rogers, and Miss Dickinson are all to come yet. "A Feast of Reason"—alloyed of course with considerable Unreason—in order that it may be adapted to the comprehension and the prejudices of the average hearer and speaker.

☞ There can be little harm in drinking like a fish, so long as it is borne in mind that fishes have but two gills.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TRANSATLANTIC. Containing Selections from Foreign Current Literature. Published by L. R. Hamersly & Co., Philadelphia.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. February number. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

THE LAST ATHENIAN. Translated from the Swedish of VICTOR RYDBERG. By WM. W. THOMAS, Jr., late United States Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden. Second edition. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. This is a novel of a high order, full of merit and absorbing interest.

THE PLANTER'S NORTHERN BRIDE; or, Scenes in Mrs. Hentz's Childhood. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole," "Rena; or, The Snow Bird." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

GOOD HEALTH. A Journal of Physical and Mental Culture. Published by Alexander Moore, Boston.

"WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN, NELLY," Published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio. This is a new song by the popular song writer Frank Howard. The title page is embellished by a fine portrait of the author.

GOOD WORDS. Edited by NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D. The February number of this excellent monthly has been received from the American publishers, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

The Astronomy of Job.

Every one is familiar with the story of Galileo. It is a dark scene in the page of history. We are not about to repeat the account. Our object is simply to bring out a new point in Biblical criticism which recalls Galileo to mind. When the ecclesiastical tribunal, in 1633, condemned the Italian astronomer for maintaining propositions, in regard to the revolution of the earth, "philosophically false, erroneous in faith, and expressly contrary to Holy Scripture," and triumphantly pointed to the command of Joshua, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon; and the sun stood still and the moon stayed," the churchmen thought that the Ptolemaic system was as incontrovertible as the Aristotelian philosophy, and that both were in entire accordance with Scripture.

They had been, years before, amazed and enraged by the letter of Galileo to the Abbe Castelli, written to prove that the Scriptures were not intended to teach us science and philosophy, and that it was equally difficult to reconcile the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems with expressions in the Bible. They little thought, however, that there was a passage in Scripture, written more than two hundred years before Joshua crossed the Jordan, in which the doctrine of the revolution of the earth upon its axis, taught by Galileo, is fully affirmed. Yet such is the case; and, had their eminences been as good Hebraists as they were priests and inquisitors, they would have known that the Lord, when He answered Job out of the storm, had distinctly declared it, and would not have "darkened counsel by words without knowledge."

Perhaps some of our readers will be not less surprised than the cardinals themselves would have been, to find that the old patriarch had received a revelation on astronomy. They may say that the science of the heavens was born in the pure atmosphere of the Orient, where the moons of Jupiter can be seen without the aid of the glass of Fiesole, and that it is not strange that the "greatest among the sons of the east" should be acquainted with the peculiar science of his native land, but they are not prepared to acknowledge that Job was in advance of Copernicus. He was so, however, as we propose to show to their satisfaction.

A few years since, the Rev. Carteret Pranlx Carey, Incumbent of St. John's, Guernsey, published a "Translation of the book of Job." It is in blank verse, amply illustrated by critical notes and a commentary. The work is but little known in this country, though it possesses great merit. We extract the following lines from the thirty-eighth chapter. They begin with the twelfth verse—a well-known passage in the English Bible:

"Hast thou, since thy days, commanded the morning,
And caused the day-spring to know his place—
To take hold of the wings of the earth
That the wicked might be shaken out of it?
It turneth round like a seal of clay,
And things stand out as though in dress."

An examination of the original will satisfy any one moderately acquainted with Hebrew that Mr. Carey is correct. The words will not bear the rendering given them in the Anglican version. A verbal critique would be out of place here. The translation alludes to the turning round of the earth like a seal of clay. Both in Assyria and Egypt these clay seals are found. They are made in the form of a wheel, and have their designs wrought in relief upon the tire, and when used were rolled over the soft wax, or whatever was intended to take the impression. Thus the "objects," or designs, "stand out," and, as the seal rolls round, the revolution of the earth is declared and illustrated, and one remarkable agreement between science and Scripture is established conclusively.

In Galileo's time, had not a knowledge of Hebrew been limited to a very few, and had not the ecclesiastics of that day, like to many of the clergy of our own time, contented themselves with such acquaintance with Holy Writ as may be obtained from versions, there would not have been enacted that dark scene which affords, in the punishment and retraction of Galileo, so triumphant an exhibition of the wickedness and weakness of man. "Human nature," says Sir David Brewster, "is here drawn in its darkest coloring; in surveying the melancholy picture it is difficult to decide whether religion or philosophy has been most degraded. While we hear the presumptuous priest pronouncing infallible the decrees of his own erring judgment, we see the high-minded philosopher abjuring the eternal and immutable truths which he has himself the glory of establishing." We will add that they who make it a business to interpret Scripture should inform themselves in regard to the original languages in which Scripture was written, and should not be terrified at the developments of modern scholarship.—*Appleton's Journal.*

☞ The mercury at San Francisco has been above 90 only six times for the last nineteen years, and seldom goes below forty. Here the mercury runs as high as a hundred, and as low as fifteen to twenty degrees below zero.

PEABODY.

Back from his bier! ye rich, that gaze
Upon the good man's face,
And give to the lowly sons of earth
The mourner's honored place.

The *poor* should plant the flowers that grow
Above his loving breast;
The *weak* should hush the steps that go
About their champion's rest.

Go to the harvest-field he left—
The sacred fruits increase;
Bread to the hungry mind and mouth,
And to the orphan peace.

And peace, good-will, and charity
Be to the mighty three
Who joined in tears their mailed hands,
To bear him o'er the sea;
The Starry Flag, the Lion Flag,
And the Flag of the Fleur-de-lis!

Washington, D. C. F. H. G.

Canned Fruits.

The day is not far distant when some substitute for butter will have to be found, to be eaten by the million as a relish with their bread. Already the butter costs more than the bread; and its proportionate cost is likely to increase rather than diminish. The dairy region of this country is of limited extent, and the increase of production is not likely to keep pace with the increase of demand.

In the densely-populated districts of the Old World, the every-day use of dairy products by the mass of people is not thought of. In the warm countries olive oil is used by all classes as a substitute. In the vine-growing regions, wine is used for the same purpose.

The discovery of the method of preserving fruit by canning, is very likely to furnish a solution of the problem; what can serve the purpose in this country? This country, as a whole, is remarkable for the profusion, excellence, and variety of the fruits successfully cultivated. Italy excepted, no part of Europe will compare with it in this respect.

There is no food more natural to man than fruit; none more tempting to the appetite, or more promotive of health.

Among the fruits suitable for canning, the berries, especially raspberries, are favorites. They are cheaply grown, of delicious quality, and canned with little labor.—*Bradley's Fertiliser.*

☞ Alice and Phœbe Cary have been addressed in poesy by Whittier, who sent them a copy of his "New England Ballads" as a Christmas gift; and this is the way he stated his views on the fly-leaf:—

"To Alice and Phœbe Cary,
Who from the farm fields singing came
The song whose echo now is fame,
And to the great false city took
The honest hearts of Clovernook,
And made their home beside the sea,
The trysting place of Liberty.
"From their old friend,
"JOHN G. WHITTIER."

☞ Diamonds are diamonds, even in this republican country, and the female heart is much given to doting upon them; but what are our gems compared with those of three ladies of Rome, the Princesses Borghese, Viano, and Rospigliosi, who represent together more than five millions of diamonds! Those jewels are the accumulated wealth of centuries, and are strictly entailed.

☞ The Empress Eugenie will have a retinue of about thirty persons when she visits this country next year, among whom will be the Prince Imperial. She will visit Boston, Newport, New York, Saratoga and Niagara Falls, and perhaps California. "It has been one of my dreams to visit America," says the Empress, "and next year I shall see New York and Niagara Falls." (Probably a hoax.)

☞ Monroe, Mich., has had its case of breach of promise to marry, the fair plaintiff of 37 suing a youth of 20, who promised to marry her if she would buy him a suit of clothes. The suit had the desired effect, and they were married by the Justice before whom the case was brought, the bride excusing her importunity by saying she wanted some one to saw her wood.

☞ It is said that an aged couple, one ninety-two and the other ninety years of age, at Cavendish, Vt., had to be removed to the poor house to be taken care of, having become helpless through the infirmities of age, and none of their children, though well able, being willing to take care of them. The old man died of a broken heart in consequence, and his wife at last accounts laid insensible at the poor house.

☞ Fine flour or fine teeth seems to be the alternative for children, as presented by a sensible writer in Hearth and Home. Analysis proves that whole wheat or coarsely-ground flour contains a much larger proportion of bone and teeth material than fine flour—that is, the mineral element is deposited in the outer portion of the grain. Consequently, a child who uses chiefly bread made from fine white flour, loses a large portion of the proper material for teeth. If bread made from unbolted wheat were more generally furnished to children the next generation would probably have improved teeth.

☞ BALL PRACTICE.—"Stupid things, these country dances," observed the brilliant Captain Asterisk to his partner during a Sir Roger de Coverley.

"I'm sorry to see that you can blow hot and cold at the same time," replied, archly, the fascinating Miss Starrs.

"How so?" inquired the gallant dragoon, smiling.

"Because," returned the witty heiress, "because I see that while you are abusing the dance you are also standing up for it."

The dashing militaire was at this moment was summoned to join in "hands across."

☞ Mr. Beecher says, in reference to his action in the Richardson-Mol'arland case, "Suppose I *do slop over* sometimes—I never saw a pan just full of milk that did not slop over."

☞ Our language only reaches its perfect richness in the West. If a girl has blue eyes, it is reported that "she wears blue orbits." If a man is fearless, they say "he don't scare worth a cent."

☞ The Prince Imperial was to have a children's party and a Christmas tree at the Tuileries Christmas eve. All was ready, and the Prince thought he should like to see the tree, so he entered the room, and, lo! he found an uninvited guest already there—his mamma's favorite monkey had got into the room, treated himself to all the prizes, eaten all the "goodies," and, finally, having set fire to the tree, was sitting down enjoying the fun.

Time Measurers.

The Northmen who overthrew the Roman Empire, used a very primitive method of measuring time.

At the break of dawn, when the chieftain of the cairn or village arose, a boy-slave came and took up his position at the entrance of his hut, and sat down with two helmets—one full of pebbles, and the other empty—before him. His business was to transfer the pebbles, one by one, and not too fast, from the first helmet to the second, after which he surrendered his turn to some one else, who repeated the operation, and so on till dusk. As the helmets were mostly very big, and the pebbles on the contrary, very small, the process of emptying must have taken a good two hours. It is probable, therefore, that the days of these France and Norsemen, Teutons and Vandals, were divided, like those of the Assyrians, into six parts or watches.

As soon as the helmet had been emptied, the fact was proclaimed through the camp by the striking of a sword against a shield, gong fashion, at the chieftain's door. The echo was caught up around, and men knew that dinner-time had come.

In towns where some faint remnant of Roman civilization survived, the reckoning was kept by watchmen. At daybreak a soldier started on foot (or, if the town was a large one, on horseback) to walk round the city. When he had gone his round, the first watch was over; and he returned to his quarters, blowing loud on a trumpet, while a second soldier set out in silence to perform the second watch. This continued uninterruptedly day and night; the only difference being that after sunset there was no trumpet blowing, and that the watchmen, instead of proceeding singly, went their rounds in batches of ten or a dozen.

Keeping the Pores Open.

The importance of the breathing function of the skin can be easily shown by experiment, for if we varnish over the skin the subject so varnished often dies of nothing more or less of suffocation. Insects breathe entirely through their skin. The skin does about one-thirtieth of the work similar to that performed by the lungs, and in disease of the latter it is very likely much more active in purifying the blood. Then, fourthly, the skin carries off by the sweat much solid matter that would be, if retained in the body, very injurious. Under ordinary circumstances, about a pound and a half of sweat is given off by a man in a day. The body is also kept at proper temperature by the evaporation of the sweat; hence the importance of keeping the skin in order that nature may regulate the heat of the body. Inattention to these points gives rise to various disorders of the system, especially colds, coughs, and the like. The fluid which is sweated out of the body comes from the blood-vessels in the deeper part of the skin. A word more about the work of the little fatty glands, and this part of the subject may be left. These little structures give exit to fatty matter, that, by inducing a slightly greasy state of skin, prevents too great evaporation; it acts as a protection to the skin against irritants, and it often carries off certain fatty acids from the body. In an irritative skin these glandes get choked up by the retained fatty matter, and we then have pimples, as about the face.

A Double Man.

All the stories told of the Siamese twins hardly equal this of the Scotch double man, of whom the following account is given by the Rerum Scotiarum Historia:

During the reign of James III., of Scotland, and at his court, there lived a man double above the waist, and single below that region. The king caused him to be carefully brought up. He rapidly acquired a knowledge of music; the two heads learned several languages; they debated together, and the two halves occasionally fought. They lived, generally, however, in the greatest harmony. When the lower part of the body was tickled, the two individuals felt it together, but when, on the other hand, one of the upper individuals was touched, he alone felt the effect. This monstrous being died at the age of twenty-eight years. One of the bodies died several days before the other.

ANECDOTES OF PRENTICE.—A correspondent having asked Prentice to expose the "Model Artists," he replied, "They expose themselves."

"One of the newspapers says that Clay, Calhoun and Webster are behind the age. Then the age must be tall foremost."

"A brave man carries his certificate of courage in his eye and in his whole deportment, but the poltroon carries it in his pocket."

"The —— announces that John Tyler will play no subordinate part, but will be 'either Cæsar or nothing.' He has always been Cæsar or nothing. But he has never been Cæsar."

THE RED RIVER, OR WINNIPEG REBELLION, according to the Chicago Republican, was only a riot of unusual size. The French half breeds, about 300 in number, were afraid that on the transfer of the territory to the Dominion of Canada, they would lose the lands on which they had settled without title, and therefore organized a mob to defend their homesteads. This statement explains the report of the peaceable reinstatement of the old officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, the former owners.

☞ AN ORANGE TEST.—Five passengers on a steamer from Havana to New Orleans, who "knew all about oranges, and could easily distinguish the Florida orange from the Havana by the taste," were put to the test. Two oranges were solemnly eaten, and their opinions written down. Three decided that one was a Florida orange "because it was sweeter" than the Havana, and two decided that it was a Florida orange "because it was more acid." It was an Havana orange.

☞ Pope Pius IX. has now occupied the papal throne twenty-three years—a longer time than any of his predecessors since St. Peter, except Pius VI., Sylvester, Adrian I., and Pius VII. He is now 77 years old, and has two brothers, one four and one seven years older than himself. The Pope's health is quite good, and the wish seems to be general among the prelates of his Church that he may long be spared to them.

☞ The Emperor of Austria teaches his own children.

☞ A Chinese theatrical company in California have just concluded a three months' engagement, which covered the performance of one historic drama in ninety acts, each act occupying one evening.

John Wesley in 1790.

About the same time that I thus first heard the most perfect of forensic orators I was also present at an exhibition equally admirable, and which had a powerful effect on my mind. It was, I believe, in October, 1790, and not long before his death, that I heard John Wesley, in the great round meeting-house at Colchester. He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side of him stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible. But his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers. It was for the most part pantomime, but the pantomime went to the heart. Of the kind I never saw anything comparable to it in after life. So greatly was the preacher revered that the people stood in a double line to see him as he passed through the street on his way to the chapel. After the people had sung one verse of a hymn, he rose and said:—"It gives me great pleasure to find that you have not lost your singing. Neither men nor women—you have not forgotten a single note. And I hope that by the assistance of the same God which enables you to sing well, you may do all other things well." A universal amen followed. At the end of every head or division of his discourse, he finished by a kind of prayer, a momentary wish as it were, not consisting of more than three or four words, which was always followed by a universal buzz. His discourse was short—the text I could not hear. After the last prayer, he rose up and addressed the people on liberality of sentiment, and spoke much against refusing to join with any congregation on account of difference in opinion. He said—"If they do but fear God, work righteousness, and keep his commandments, we have nothing to object to."—*Crabb Robinson's Diary.*

☞ IMPERIAL CRUELTY.—Advices from Paris, of January 7th, says:—"Yesterday, Count Daru, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, *received the heads* of the Foreign Legations."

☞ FORCE OF HABIT.—A tax-gatherer was observed the other evening all alone in a corner, moody, meditative, and frowning. His work was over for the day, but from force of habit he was *collecting himself.*

☞ A young lady who lost her appetite while entertaining frivolous company and reading "yellow-covered literature" in the parlor, found it again, after a diligent search, while helping her mother in the kitchen and garden, and making herself generally useful.

☞ Why do girls kiss each other, and men not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, but men have.

☞ AS LIKE AS TWO PEAS.—Mr. Dickens's "people, with a little 'p,'" and his "people with a big 'P.'"—*London Punch.*

☞ "Ladies are less courteous in a crowd than gentlemen," was a remark we overheard the other day.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—About 12,000 bbls sold at $4,50@4,75 for extra; $4,75@5,50 for Penna extra family; $5@5,75 for Northwest extra family; $5@5,25 for Indiana and Ohio extra family, and $6,50@7,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands.

GRAIN—Sales of 40,000 bus good to prime Penna, Western and Southern red at $1,22@1,25; small lots choice do at $1,27, and 5000 bus white at $1,45@1,55 ₩ bus. Corn—60,000 bus new yellow sold at 87@88c ₩ bus, and 14,000 bus old yellow and mixed Western at 87@91c for new yellow and 98c@$1 for old. Oats—about bus 70,000 Penna and Western sold at 53@55c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very dull. Sales of 450 bbls new mess Pork at $37@37,50. Beef Hams are quoted at $31@32 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sides at 16@17c, and shoulders at 13½c. Green Meats—Sales of 400 tcs pickled hams at 15@15½c, and shoulders, in salt, at 11½c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 16@16½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs at 18c. Butter—Penna and Western and solid packed ranges from 18 to 30c. Cheese—Sales at 13c. Eggs at 21@23c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—1000 bales of middlings sold at 25½@26c for uplands and 25½@26½c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales No 1 Quercitron at $30 ₩ ton.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,35@1,40; Mixed do $1,25@1,30; Straw $1,10@1,15.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 18@20c, and Wisconsin at 15@25c.

IRON—Pig metal continues dull, at $35 for No 1. Bar Iron is quoted at $80@82,10 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is firmer, with sales of 2000 bus at $8,15@8,15 for prime quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ₩ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—15,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5c ₩ ℔. 2700 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 14,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

Irritable Invalids.

Indigestion not only effects the physical health but the dispositions and tempers of its victims. The dyspeptic becomes, too, in a measure demoralized by his sufferings. He is subject to fits of irritation, sullenness, or despair, as the case may be. A preternatural sensitiveness which he cannot control, leads him to misconstrue the words and acts of those around him, and his intercourse even with those nearest and dearest to him is not unfrequently marked by exhibitions of testiness foreign to his real nature. These are the mental phenomena of the disease, for which the invalid cannot be justly held responsible, but they occasion much household discomfort. It is to the interest of the home circle, it is essential to family harmony as well as to the rescue of the principal sufferer from a state not far removed from incipient insanity, that these symptoms of mental disturbance be promptly removed. This can only be done by removing their physical cause, a derangement of the functions of the stomach, and its allied viscera, the liver and the bowels. Upon these three important organs HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS act simultaneously, producing a thorough and salutary change in their condition. The vegetable ingredients of which the preparation is composed are of a renovating, regulating, and *alterative* character and the stimulant which lends activity to their remedial virtues is the purest and best that can be extracted from the most wholesome of all cereals, viz.: sound rye. No dyspeptic can take this genial restorative for a single week without experiencing a notable improvement in his general health. Not only will his bodily sufferings abate from day to day, but his mind will recover rapidly from its restlessness and irritability, and this happy change will manifest itself in his demeanor to all around him.

feb5-4t

☞ A Pittsfield (Massachusetts) minister read six verses of a hymn to his congregation, last Sunday, and remarked that if they could sing it well they might go through the whole; if not, one verse would do.

☞ *CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP* contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 31 and 33 Jefferson St. Office 54 Front Street, New York.

oct2-6m

The Pope's Romance.

The Pope has his little romance, too, like ordinary mortals. For is there any one whose existence has been so monotonous that a thread of romance might not be found running through some portion of the web of life? Fifty or sixty years ago—so the story runs—the Pope was engaged to be married to a Miss Foster, the sister of the famous Countess De Salis. The day for the wedding was fixed; the ceremony was to be performed in the Church of St. Luigi de Francesi, and there, at the altar, the young lady and her friends waited for Count Mastai-Ferretti to appear and complete his marriage vows. They waited and waited in vain; the young count never came. Before the death of the lady she received an explanation. The Jesuit relatives of the count abducted him and sent him abroad under oath of secrecy. He never divulged this till after he was Pope, and then he caused the fact to be communicated to her, to ease his conscience and her broken heart. This story is said to be wholly authentic.

A Humbug.

How often we hear this expression from persons reading advertisements of patent medicines, and in nine cases out of ten they may be right. It is over 23 years since I introduced *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment* to the public. I had no money to advertise it, so I left it for sale with a few druggists and storekeepers through a small section of the country, many taking it with great reluctance; but I told them to let any one have it, and if it did not do all I stated on my pamphlet, no one need pay for it. In some stores two or three bottles were taken on trial by persons present. I was, by many, thought crazy, and that would be the last they would see of me. But I knew my medicine was no humbug. In about two months I began to receive orders for more Liniment, some calling it my valuable Liniment, who had refused to sign a receipt when I left it at their store. Now my sales are millions of bottles yearly, and all for cash. I warrant it superior to any other medicine for the cure of croup, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, vomiting, spasms, and sea-sickness, as an internal remedy. It is perfectly innocent to take internally—see each accompanying each bottle—and externally for chronic rheumatism, headache, mumps, frosted feet, bruises, sprains, old sores, swellings, sore throats, &c., &c.

Price 50 cents. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. feb5-4t

Be Beautiful—Restore Nature's Locks

If you desire beautiful hair, dark and lustrous, same healthy condition as in youth, use "*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.*" Restores gray Hair, stops its falling at once; it is utterly different, and possesses great advantages over all other (so called) restorers, as it is not sticky or gummy; soils nothing; its application is a real pleasure instead of a task; as a hair dressing it is absolute perfection; ask for "*London Hair Color Restorer*;" use no other. Price only 75 cents. One dozen $8. Sold by dealers everywhere. DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. jan19-eow1t

☞ A strange story comes from Texas which quite eclipses the famous performances accredited to William Tell, the mythical Swiss patriot. We are told that some few months since, a party of Texans were practising with six-shooters at a target, when a wager was proposed that a piece of silver should be placed on a cork on the head of one of the number, and the cork shot out, leaving the coin resting on the man's head. The wager was made, and at the distance of five paces the parties were placed in position, the target adjusted, and the feat performed without injury to the supporter of the target.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with 10 cents postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia oct8-1y

☞ HOW TO STOP A SNORER.—When you are sleeping in a room with one who is in the habit of snoring aloud, commence to whistle any air, assuming a low tone and gradually raising it. By degrees the snoring will cease without disturbing the sleep of the snorer.

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 128 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. HOSMER S. LEAGUS & Co., sep4-1y

AN IRISH QUERY.

Och! when gay sparks the swate young ladies woo,
Their little hearts catch fire in raal quick fashion;
And isn't it because they're victims to
The tinder passion?

Cure for Cough or Cold.—As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness of the chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indications of cough, take during the day a few "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Containing demulcent ingredients, they allay pulmonary irritation. Have them in readiness upon the first appearance of a cold or cough.

☞ A STRONG DEFENCE.—"Prisoner, you were caught, Wednesday last, stealing an ermine mantle from the front of a shop where it was exposed for sale." "What could I do, your honor? My stomach was cold and feeble; it was in the morning, in the dead of winter, when one ought to take something warm."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, Mr. JOHN S. CARNE to Miss ALLISON H. WILSON, daughter of J. W. Wilson, both of this city.

On the 27th of Jan., by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, Mr. MALCOM MCN. MURRAY to Miss SUSAN NUTTALL, both of Frankford.

On the 19th of Jan., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. JOHN B. PERRY, of Horsham, Montgomery co., Pa., to Miss LIZZIE GLOVER, of this city.

On the 27th of Jan., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. ISAAC A. LEE to Miss ELIZABETH SMITH, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 24th of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. WILLIAM H. NELSON to Miss HANNAH M. FORD.

On the 5th of Oct. last, by the Rev. W. J. PARSON, WILLIAM L. NORRIS to MARIA KRUSE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of Jan., Mrs. CATHARINE ELLIS, aged 79 years.

On the 31st of Jan., WILLIAM M. HUMES, in his 55th year.

On the 30th of Jan., Mrs. MARGARET CHAMBERS, aged 49 years.

On the 29th of Jan., Mr. MATTHIAS SMITH, in his 71st year.

On the 28th of Jan., JOHN GARRETT, in his 64th year.

On the 28th of Jan., Mr. PETER CORNWELL, in his 63th year.

On the 27th of Jan., HANNAH, wife of John Raynor, in her 49th year.

On the 26th of Jan., Miss ISABELLA FRASER, in her 60th year.

On the 26th of Jan., Mrs. MARGARET ANDERSON, in her 81st year.

THE COMING YEAR.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for the present year:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Out Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, *paying in advance*, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

RIPE WHEAT.

We bent to-day o'er a coffined form,
And our tears fell softly down;
We looked our last on the aged face,
With its look of peace, its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.

We touched our own to the clay-cold hands
From life's long labor at rest;
And among the blossoms white and sweet,
We noticed a bunch of golden wheat
Clasped close to the silent breast.

The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom,
Of a land where fall no tears;
The ripe wheat told of toil and care,
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
The garnered good of the years.

We knew not what work her hands had found,
What rugged places her feet,
What cross was hers, what blackness of night,
We saw but the peace, the blossoms of white,
And the bunch of ripened wheat.

As each goes up from the fields of earth,
Bearing the treasures of life,
God looks for some garnered grain of good,
From the ripe harvest that shining stood,
But waiting the reaper's knife.

Then labor well, that in death you go
Not only with blossoms sweet,
Not bent with doubt and burdened with fears,
And dead, dry husks of the wasted years,
But laden with golden wheat.

The Scotch National Emblem.

In the year 1010, during the reign of Malcolm I., Scotland was invaded by the Danes, who made a descent on Aberdeenshire, selecting the still hour of midnight as the time to make a descent on Stanes Castle. When all was ready, and there was a reasonable hope that the inmates of the castle were asleep, they commenced their march. They advanced cautiously, taking off their shoes to prevent their footsteps being heard. They approached the lofty tower, their hearts beating in joyous anticipation of victory. Not a sound was heard from within, and they could scarcely refrain from exclamations of delight; for they had but to swim across the moat, and place scaling ladders, and the castle was theirs. But in another moment a cry from themselves aroused the inmates to a sense of their danger, the guards flew to their posts, and pursued the now trembling Danes, who fled before them, and the invaders were repulsed. The cause was that the moat, instead of being filled with water, was in reality dried up and overgrown with thistles, which pierced the unprotected feet of the assailants, who, tortured with pain, forgot their cautious silence, and uttered the cry which had alarmed the inmates of the castle; and from that day the thistle has been the national emblem.

☞ A ray that always lights up a woman's despair—Rai-ment.

COOKING AND COURTING.

TOM TO NED.

Dear Ned, no doubt you'll be surprised
When you receive and read this letter;
I've railed against the marriage state,
But then, you see, I know no better,
I've met a lovely girl out here,
Her manner is—well—very winning;
We're soon to be—well, Ned, my dear,
I'll tell you all from the beginning.

I went to ask her out to ride,
Last Wednesday—it was perfect weather;
She said she couldn't, possibly,
The servants had gone off together.
(Hibernians always rush away,
At cousin's funerals to be looking.)
Pies must be made, and she must stay,
She said, to do that branch of cooking.

"Oh, let me help you," then I cried;
I'll be a cooker, too—how jolly!"
She laughed, and answered, with a smile,
"All right! but you'll repent your folly,
For I shall be a tyrant, sir,
And good hard work you'll have to grapple;
So sit down there, and don't you stir,
But take that knife and pare that apple."

She rolled her sleeves above her arm—
That lovely arm so plump and rounded;
Outside, the morning sun shone bright;
Inside, the dough she deftly pounded.
Her little fingers sprinkled flour,
And rolled the pie-crust up in masses;
I passed the most delightful hour
'Mid butter, sugar, and molasses.

With deep reflection, her sweet eyes
Gazed on each pot, and pan, and kettle;
She sliced the apples, filled her pies,
And then the upper crust did settle.
Her rippling waves of golden hair
In one great coil were tightly twisted;
But locks would break it, here and there,
And curl about where'er they listed.

And then her sleeve came down, and I
Fastened it up—her hands were doughy;
Oh it did take the longest time,
Her arm, Ned, was so fair and snowy!
She blushed, and trembled, and looked shy;
Somehow, that made me all the bolder;
Her arch lips looked so red, that I—
Well—found her head upon my shoulder.

We're to be married, Ned, next month;
Come and attend the wedding revels,
I really think that bachelors
Are the most miserable devils.
You'd better go for some girl's hand;
And if you are uncertain whether
You dare to make a due demand,
Why, just try cooking pies together.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MRS. DAWKES AT HOME.

The clocks were tolling the three-quarters before midnight, as a gentleman splashed through the mud and wet of the London streets, on his way to a private West-end gambling-house. It was the barrister, Thomas Kage. He was not given to frequent such places on his own account, but he was in urgent search of one who was—a man he had once called friend, and who had brought himself into danger. Not a cab was to be had, and his umbrella was useless; glad enough was he to turn into the dark passages that led to the house's entrance, and shake the wet from his clothes. Dark, cold, and gloomy, as it was here, inside would no doubt be all light and warmth, and he was about to give the signal which would admit him, when the door was cautiously opened and two gentlemen came forth.

One of them—he was in her Majesty's regimentals—wore a scowling aspect. It was Major Dawkes; earlier in the evening he had been to an official dinner, which accounted for his dress. More and more addicted had he become to that bad vice, gambling; the worst vice, save one, that man can take to himself; and this night he had lost fearfully. To lose money now, was, in the Major's case, simply madness; but the fatal spell was upon him, and he could not shake it off. Not caring to be seen, Mr. Kage drew into a dark corner. At the same moment some one stepped out of the opposite corner, who must have been waiting there.

"Major," said this last, "I must speak to you."

"What the—mischief—brings you here?" demanded Major Dawkes, with a hard word.

"I have waited for you two mortal hours. I was just in time to see you enter; and got threatened by the doorkeepers for insisting upon going in after you. I had not the password. Can I speak a word with you, Major?"

"No, you can't," was the defiant answer of the Major. But that he had taken rather more wine than was good for him, he might have been civil for prudence' sake. "I'll hear nothing. Go and talk to Jessup."

"Major Dawkes, this will not do. You know perfectly well that Jessup won't have anything to do with the affair; 'twould soil his hands, he says."

"You know where I live," stamped the Major. "Come there, if you want to see me. Pretty behaviour this is, to waylay an officer and a gentleman."

"Excuse me, Major; but if you play at hide-and-seek—"

"Hide-and-seek!" interrupted Major Dawkes. "What do you mean, sir?"

"It looks like it," returned the other, with a significant cough. "You can never be seen at your house; and you will not answer our letters. It has not been for pleasure that I have waited here, like a lacky, this miserable night; we might have sent a clerk—but I came myself, out of regard to your feelings. If I cannot speak with you, I will give you into custody; and you know the consequences of that."

Not quite himself though the Major was, he did know the consequences. Drawing aside into the dark corner that the lawyer—as he evidently was—had come out of, a few whispered words passed between them.

"To-morrow, then, at twelve, at our office," concluded the lawyer. "And you will do well to keep the appointment, Major, this time," he significantly added. "If you do not, we will not wait another hour."

The speaker turned out of the passage into the pool at its entrance, and then waded through other pools down the street. Major Dawkes and his friend stood watching him. The Major's cab waited, but his man, probably not expecting him so soon, was in the public-house round the corner. Somebody else's man flew to fetch him.

"Horrid wretches these creditors are!" cried the Major's friend in warm sympathy. "But it is the most incomprehensible thing in the world, Dawkes, that you should suffer yourself to be bothered in this way. Of course it is no secret that you are up to your eyes in embarrassment; there's not a fellow in the regiment owes half what you do for play, let alone other debts. Why don't you pay up, and get clear?"

"Where's the money to do it?" retorted the Major. "I don't possess a mine of gold."

"But your wife does. She has thousands and thousands and thousands a-year. Where does it all go to?"

"Nonsense! My wife's income is not half so much," peevishly said Major Dawkes, possibly oblivious that no particular sum had been specified. "It might be, if her child died."

"Ah, yes, I forgot; the best part of the ingots are settled on little Canterbury. Can't you touch a few of his thousands?"

"No; or I should not have waited until now to do it. His thousands are tied up to accumulate. A lordly fortune, his will be, by the time he is of age."

"But with so much money in the family—your own son's, as may be said—surely there are ways of getting at it. You might have the use of some to clear you, and pay it back at your leisure."

"So I would, if it were not for the boy's trustee," returned the Major. "He's as tight a hand as you could find. The point was put to him some weeks ago; I broached it myself, not taking Mrs. Dawkes into my counsels; and Kage cut me short with a haughty denial. He's a regular curmudgeon."

Little thought the Major that the 'curmudgeon' was in the dark passage behind him and his confidential friend. To play the eaves-dropper was particularly objectionable to Thomas Kage, but he would very decidedly have objected to show himself just now.

"But if things are like this, Dawkes, how on earth can you expect to get clear?" demanded his friend.

The Major did not answer. He bared his brow for a moment to the rainy air; a whole worldful of care seemed to be seated there.

"Pull up while there's time, Dawkes," was the prudent advice next offered. "How can you go on, plunging farther into the mud, at the rate you do? To-night you must have lost—"

"It is in my nature to spend, and spend I must, let who will suffer," fearlessly interrupted the Major.

"Well," said the other candidly, "it does seem hard that a sickly child should be keeping you out of this immense wealth."

So hard did it seem, that Major Dawkes gave a curse to it in his heart; and another curse, spoken, to his servant, who now dashed up. He entered his cab, and giving his friend a lift, was driven away, while Mr. Kage was admitted to the hidden mysteries of the house. But with his business there we have nothing to do.

Several weeks had gone on since Mrs. Garston's death, when we last saw Major Dawkes. How *he* had gone on was a different affair altogether, and not so easy to discern. At that time he had thought it an impossibility that many days could pass over his head without the mine, he always trod on, exploding; and yet they *had:* the flame had only been smouldering until now. But things were growing more ominous hour by hour; and perhaps the Major continued to enter into undesirable expenses as much to drown care as from infatuation.

Mrs. Dawkes had been ill—seriously so. A return of the chest-attack she had early in the spring came on; the result of late hours and her own imprudence, as the doctors told her. She was not strong naturally, and she was doing what she could, in the shape of turning night into day in her pursuit of gayety, to bring her lack of strength conspicuously forth. For three weeks she had been confined to her bed, but was getting better now.

When Major Dawkes's cab deposited him at his house in Belgravia—returning now to the present night, making itself so agreeable with rain—he ascended at once to his bedroom; one he had been occupying temporarily since his wife's illness. It was on the floor above hers, and immediately opposite the day-nursery of little Tom Canterbury. Putting off his regimentals and other things as quickly as he could, the Major got into bed. But not to sleep; anxiety prevented that. He had taken nothing since leaving the gambling-house, and his brain was getting somewhat clearer. It is at these moments that any trouble a man may have shows out with redoubled wretchedness. Time had been when Major Dawkes sent away trouble with what he had an hour before bestowed upon his servant—a curse. He was of a selfish, reckless nature, and would not let things worry him. Ah, but *then* his worst trouble had been debt; now it was something else, and he had dwelt on it until it had made him painfully nervous. His position was looking fearfully black, and the Major did not see how to make it lighter.

In saying he was by nature a spendthrift, Barnaby Dawkes spoke only partial truth; it had been more correct that he had said by habit. To launch out into sinful expenses was only customary with him; but these expenses had at length brought their consequences behind them. Very unhappy was it for Barby Dawkes that the consequences did not consist of debt alone.

At the turn of the past Christmas Major Dawkes, to get himself out of some frightful pit of embarrassment, obtained money upon a bill, which—which—had something peculiar about it, to speak cautiously; and which, later, perhaps nobody would be found to own. So easy a way did it seem to Major Dawkes of relieving himself of a load of temporary care, that he tried the process again, and once or so again. *This* was the secret breathed to Keziah that night when the Major visited her. This was the secret that Jessup, the lawyer, got access to. The Major used superhuman efforts, and patched up matters for a time, and so averted an explosion. But the secret had now been discovered by two or three most undesirable people who were interested, and public exposure was looming ominously near.

A firm had innocently discounted one of these bills—solicitors in sharp practice. One of the partners it was who had lain in wait for the Major in the dark passage. Perhaps they might be induced to hush the affair up for "a consideration," in addition to all the money and expenses, otherwise they were threatening criminal proceedings; ay, and as the miserable Major knew, they would inevitably keep their word. For the bill, you see, had got somebody's name to it, and that somebody had never written it, or heard of it. That was only one of the bills; there were one or two more quite as doubtful. Other parties to whom the Major was under terrible obligations, legal, if not criminal, had become tired out, and were about to take very unpleasant steps. What with one thing and another, it almost seemed to the man as though a fortune great as Tom Canterbury's was needed to extricate him.

It was a perilous position; more than enough to disturb the Major's rest. He knew quite well that if all came out that might come out—and there were matters besides the peculiar bills—things must be over with him. His wife would quit him; the army would drum him out of it; society would scout him.

"A nice state of affairs!" groaned the Major. "Something must be done. What a fool I have been!"

Something! But what? The help he wanted was no slight sum; and he saw but one hope—and that not a real hope; only a possible one. A persistent mind, indeed, must be Major Dawkes's to cherish it still—though in fact he did not cherish it, but only glanced to it in sanguine moments; for it was the old scheme of getting some of the child's money from Mr. Kage. Only a few thousands out of the boy's large fortune! he would say to himself—only a few thousands! The thought of this fortune, so close at hand, yet so inaccessible to him—for, if the child died, you remember, the whole of it reverted to Mrs. Dawkes—had begun to be to the Major as a very nightmare; it haunted his dreams, it haunted his daily thoughts; it was ever present to him, sleeping or waking. Like unto the gold-fever that fell on some of us years ago, and sent us out to Australia little better than eager madmen, so had a gold-fever attacked Major Dawkes. As the value of a thing coveted is enhanced to a fabulous height by longing, and diminished by possession, so did this fortune of little Tom Canterbury's wear, to his stepfather, an aspect of most delusive brightness. In its attainment appeared to lie the panacea for all ills; the recompense for past and present troubles; a charming, golden paradise.

Major Dawkes rather particularly disliked children; but in feigning a love for little Tom Canterbury before the marriage—to ingratiate himself with the child's mother—he had really acquired a liking for him. This in a degree wore off later; and he was often severe with the child—a mild gentle little fellow whom any one might love—but on the whole he liked the boy. However, since this hankering after his fortune had arisen, Major Dawkes had almost grown to hate him, looking on him as a deadly enemy who stood between him and light.

In spite of his fast habits, few men living cared so much to stand well with the world as Barnaby Dawkes: certainly none so dreaded to stand ill with it. There was one ugly name moving ever before his mental sight in fierce letters of flame—F-o-r-g-e-r-y. Rather than have such a word brought home to him, he would have died—and Major Dawkes was very fond of life. It was not the act itself he repented, but the chance of exposure. Safe from that, he would have done the same thing to the end of time. Dropping asleep towards morning, he dreamt that he was in the midst of some surging sea, whose waves were perpetually going to overwhelm him. He wanted to turn his head and look behind, but the waves would not let him. He knew that some awful phantom was there in his pursuit, to overtake him unless he turned to confront it; and yet he could not. A fresh and curious epoch must have arrived in Major Dawkes's life when it came to dreams.

Remembering his engagement for the morning, Major Dawkes rose in time to keep it. *That* might no longer be ignored—as he knew too well. Swallowing his breakfast with what appetite he had, he took his departure. Of the two, Barnaby Dawkes would rather have gone to an hour's recreation in the pillory than to the appointment in the house of this legal firm, with the brand of guilt and shame on his forehead.

And yet, in one sense, the interview must be utterly superfluous. All the argument in the world would but have amounted to this—that the full endemnifying money must be produced, or the Major would be made a nine days' spectacle. He knew it himself, as he dashed there in his carriage, driving his high-mettled horses. Humble pedestrians, glancing admiringly up from the pavement, thought what a great man the Jehu must be, and how silky was his fine black moustache; but they could not read his heart, or see the cankering care eating it away. The carriage drew up at Lincoln's-inn, and the Major went in to purgatory. The consultation was a pretty long one; the lawyers were uncompromising, and the client was three parts helpless; but he argued and denied and equivocated; and then they rang a bell, and desired a clerk to hold himself in readiness to perform a certain mission at Scotland-yard. The Major was brought metaphorically to his knees, and he came forth at length with a knitted brow.

"Where the devil am I to get it?" was the puzzling question put to himself, and spoken unconsciously aloud as he ascended to his carriage. Again and again he saw but one solitary opening—the appealing to Mr. Kage. Look where he would, around the whole wide world, he saw no other.

He drove straight home, regardless of a pelting shower that was coming down upon him, and found a bevy of visitors in the drawing-room. Mrs. Dawkes, lovely still, but pale from her recent illness, sat in their midst, her attire—mauve color—charming as usual; a lame apology for mourning, worn for Mrs. Garston. Talking with one, laughing with another, exacting admiration from all; an adept was she in the wiles and the petty nothings of frivolous existence. The Major saw no chance of private conversation with her then, and shut the door with a suppressed growl, not caring whether he had been perceived or not.

When these idlers were gone and the sun was shining again, Mrs. Dawkes called for her boy. He had been sitting on the stairs, patient, loving child, hoping for the summons. Indulged though he was by his mother, never was there a more obedient, modest, good little son than he, never presuming upon her affection. He wore the Scotch dress, and his fair curls floated on his neck; nearly seven years old now, he scarcely looked his age. Mrs. Dawkes once said to Mr. Kage that the child had a strange affinity for her; if she drooped, he drooped. Certain it was that, during this recent illness of hers, the boy had seemed pale, languid, anything but well. Exceedingly delicate he looked to-day, as she took him on her knees.

"Did you eat a good dinner, Tom?"

"Oh, yes, mamma."

"What did you have?"

"Some fowl and some custard-pudding and some jam. I've been reading my fairy-tales since. Judith's mending my puzzle."

"Is she getting ready to take you out, Tom? It's time."

"I told her I'd not go," said Tom. "I'd rather stay with you, mamma. When shall you come out with me again?"

"When this showery weather shall be over," replied Mrs. Dawkes, who had not been allowed to go out of doors since her illness. "But, Tom—"

What she had been about to say was arrested by the appearance of Major Dawkes. Putting his head in to reconnoitre, he saw the room was now clear of visitors, and came forward.

"Caroline," said he, "send Tom away. I want to speak with you."

"Is it nothing you can say before him?" she coldly asked; for there was no longer much cordial feeling in her heart for her husband, though they maintained a show of civility.

"Are you so infatuated with that child that you cannot bear him out of your sight?" angrily demanded the Major, who was in a most wretched mood, and particularly bitter against the child.

Mrs. Dawkes was surprised; his ebullitions of temper had usually been restrained in her presence. She did not condescend to retort.

"Go to that table, Thomas, and amuse yourself with the large picture-book," she said, pointing to the far end of the room, where he would be out of hearing. "What is it?" she apathetically continued to her husband.

"My dear, you must pardon me; I am in much trouble and perplexity," resumed the Major, remembering that to provoke his wife was not exactly the best way to attain his ends. "It is frightful trouble, Caroline; and nothing less."

"Oh, indeed. Have you broken your horses' knees? I saw you drive away rather furiously this morning."

"I have been answering for the debts of a brother officer, Caroline, and have got into difficulties through it," he avowed, having mentally rehearsed the tale he meant to tell.

"Rather imprudent in you to do so, was it not?" interrupted Mrs. Dawkes.

"I suppose it was, as things have turned out; for he died, and it has fallen on me."

"The liability?"

The Major nodded.

"I have been trying to pay it off, as I could, and have run into debt myself in consequence. Caroline, my dear," he added in a sepulchral tone, "your husband is a ruined man."

To Mrs. Dawkes, who had a splendid country mansion and some thousands a-year in her own right, of which nobody's imprudence could deprive her, husband or no husband, the above announcement did not convey the dismay it would to many wives. Not to mince the matter, the Major, looking at her from the tail of his eye, saw that it had made no impression whatever.

"How shall you get out of the mess?" quoth she.

"I can get out of it in two ways. One is by paying up; the other, by shooting myself."

"Ah," said she equably, "people who *talk* of shooting themselves rarely do it. Don't be an idiot, Barnaby."

"Caroline," he rejoined in a tone that was certainly agitated, "if I make light of it to you, it is to save you vexation: but I speak literally and truly, that I must pay, or—or—disappear somewhere—either into the earth or over the seas."

"What can be done?" she inquired, after a pause of consideration. "We have no ready-money to spare: our expenses seem to swallow up everything. Often I can't make it out."

"*Our* ready-money would not suffice. The poor fellow was inextricably involved; and," he added, dropping his voice to a faint whisper, "ten or twelve thousand pounds would not more than pay it."

Mrs. Dawkes gave a scream of semi-dismay. As to the "ten or twelve thousand," the Major did not think it prudent to mention a higher sum then, but that much would prove but a sop in the pan.

"But for that deceitful old aunt of mine dying, and leaving me nothing in her will (I hope there's a Protestant purgatory, and that she's in it!), I should never have had occasion to tell you this. Indeed, but for the expectation of inheriting her fortune, I should not have answered for the poor fellow."

"What is to be done?" repeated Mrs. Dawkes, returning to the practical consideration of the dilemma, and leaving the bygone "expectation" in abeyance; for it was a question she and he entertained opposite opinions upon.

"One thing can be done, Caroline; you can help me out—*if* you will."

"I!" she repeated.

"You can get Tom's trustee, Kage, to let me have the money. I will repay it as soon as I possibly can. There will be no difficulty in that, and no risk."

"He will not do it."

"He will, if you bid him. For me he would not."

"He never will," she repeated. "I know Thomas Kage too well. He is the most perfectly straightforward, honorable man breathing; ridiculously so. I am right, Barnaby, cross as you look over it. Tom's money is not his to lend, and I am sure he never would hear of advancing a pound of it."

Major Dawkes nearly lost his temper. It was a way of meeting the request that he did not at all admire.

"Will you ask Kage?"

"No. Ask him yourself."

"An ill-conditioned worthless man! He never ought to have been made the boy's trustee," spoke the Major in a suppressed foam.

Mrs. Dawkes smiled equably.

"If you were but half as worthy as he!"

"Will you lend it me?" demanded the Major.

"I have not the power; and if I had, I would not suffer Tom's money to be played with."

"You have this much power: any request

preferred to Kage by you, and made a point of, would be complied with."

"Nonsense! I'll do nothing of the kind. My child is my child, and his interests are identified with mine. You should not get into these liabilities. No man would, with common foresight, unless he knows that he shall have the means to meet them."

Angry and wroth, Major Dawkes broke out in a temper. The little boy, most sensitively timid, shivered at the raised voices, left his picture-book and stole forward, halting in the middle of the room.

"You see now how necessary it is that Tom's trustee should be a man of firmness, that he may guard against such emergencies as the present," spoke Mrs. Dawkes rather hauntingly—at least, it so sounded to the Major's pricking ears. "I am very sorry, Barnaby, that you should have got yourself into this dilemma; but it is not my boy's money that can extricate you from it."

Biting his lips to control his fury to silence, Major Dawkes turned round and stepped against the child, not knowing he stood there. It wanted but that encounter to set him off. Out came the passion.

"You little villain," he cried with an imprecation, "do you dare to stand between me and—and—your mother? There's for you!"

It was a cruel blow he struck the child, and it felled him to the ground. Quite beside himself in the blind hatred of the moment, the irrepressible passion, Major Dawkes gave him a kick as he lay—one of contempt more than of violence—and went from the room, a furious man. Mrs. Dawkes raised the boy in her arms and tottered to a seat; weak from her late illness, it was indignation that gave her strength to bear him. For several minutes neither of them spoke. The child sobbed on her neck, she sobbed on his.

"Mamma, what had I done?"

"You had done nothing, my darling. He wants to spend your money," she added in her indignant resentment.

"Oh, mamma, let him have it; let us go away from here! Papa is never kind to me now."

"Yes, we *will* go away," she emphatically rejoined. "We will go to the Rock, my boy: your own home, and mine. If papa likes to follow us, and behave himself, he may; and if not, he can stay where he is!"

"Let papa have my money," repeated Tom Canterbury. "I don't care for money."

"You do not understand, dear. The money is Mr. Kage's at present; he would not give it to Major Dawkes if he asked him over so."

In came Judith at this juncture, ready to attend Master Canterbury on his walk. She saw the tears and the red eyes.

"Why, what has taken him now?" cried she in angry surprise.

"He has been vexed," replied Mrs. Dawkes hastily; "a little thing seems to vex him now. I don't think he can be quite well, Judith."

"It's the warm weather, ma'am," said Judith. "He'll get up all right after a bit. What he wants is fresh country air."

"And he shall have it too. The streets are damp after the rain, Judith," continued Mrs. Dawkes, "too damp for him to walk. You had better order the carriage."

So the carriage came round, and the young heir of the Rock was driven away in it to take the air, his nurse sitting opposite to him. When the sound of the wheels had faded away on the ear, Major Dawkes entered the drawing-room. He was ready to strike himself down, as he had struck the boy, for giving way to so impolitic a gust of passion. His wife listened to his apologies in haughty silence.

"Caroline, believe me, I was betrayed out of my senses; but it arose from over-anxiety for your peace and comfort."

"It is for my peace and comfort that you ill-treat my child!" sarcastically rejoined Mrs. Dawkes.

"He is an angel, and I love him as such," proclaimed the Major emphatically. "I was in a whirlwind of passion, Caroline, and did not know in the least what I did. I was agonized at the prospect before you; yes, my dear, before *you;* for I if can't pay that poor dead man's creditors, they'll come in. Into this very house, and seize upon it, and all that is in it."

"Seize our house and all that is in it!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawkes in an access of consternation.

"Every earthly thing the walls contain."

"Will they seize me and Tom?"

Major Dawkes gave vent to a dismal groan; but for his state of mind it would have been a laugh. Mrs. Dawkes, shielded always from this kind of the world's frowns, utterly inexperienced, had put the question in real earnest.

"They'd not touch you and Tom, my dear; but they would take every stick and stone in the place. They are frightful harpies. You would be left here with bare rooms, and I should be in prison, unable to protect you. It is not that; think of the shock such a scandal would cause in society!"

The last sentence told on her ear. Society? Ay, there's the terrible bugbear of civilized life. What will society think? what will society say? But for society our "sticks and stones" would often be lost with less intense pain than they are. Major Dawkes enlarged upon the frightful prospect, painting the scenes of the canvas in strong colors, until his wife shrunk from it as much as he did. Writing a note, she despatched it by a servant to Mr. Kage's chambers.

And when little Tom Canterbury got home from his drive, his step-father lifted him from the carriage himself, and carried him in to his mother. He did feel sorry for having struck the blow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Camellia in Japan.

In an entertaining and truthful work, entitled *Our Life in Japan*, the following occurs on a subject peculiarly interesting to horticulturist:—"The growth of the camellia-tree in Japan is most wonderful. Let not the smile of incredulity light up the face of the reader when we state that we have seen some of them attain the height of least forty feet. Many such as these we passed, and the appearance of them in full blossom may be imagined. Before we had seen this ourselves, we should have thought it about as likely a circumstance that we should one day sit under the shade of our own mignonette as that we should ride for miles under camellia trees in full flower. Later in the season, when the camellias have ceased to bloom, their place is supplied by the azalea, which marks the hill-sides with gaudy patches of crimson, and the landscape becomes more gorgeous than ever."

THE WESTERN GATE OF PEKING.

The great city of Peking, in China, consists of two perfectly distinct parts. The Tartar city in the northern half, and is a perfect square, each side being four miles long. The Chinese city, on the south, is two miles deep and five miles long. Both cities are surrounded by lofty and massive walls, and the great gates are noble structures. There are sixteen of them in all. Peking contains between one and a half and two millions of inhabitants.

THE SONG OF THE HESPERIDES.

The blue wave whispers on the lazy beaches;
The sea-bird sleeps upon the dreaming seas;
The sunlight never leaves the glittering reaches;
Our world is steeped in listless, changeless ease.
Moments are flying,
But little we deem;
Rest is undying;
Dream, sisters, dream.

The golden fruit hangs safely from the bough,
Watched by the wary guardian's sleepless eyes;
All else lies slumb'ring; let us slumber too,
In fancy lost amidst the far blue skies.
What should we live for—
Is not peace best?
What should we strive for,
We who would rest?

The gossamer hangs idle in the sun;
The brook forgets to murmur as it flows,
The trees to whisper in the summer noon—
Eternal noon, that finds no dreary close.
Flowers never wither
In our fair isle;
Naught cometh hither
But sweetness and smile.

From odorous boughs the fragrant perfume drips,
The sweet earth's breath; the trembling aspen-leaf
Lays by her fears; the flowers with eager lips
Drink-in the glassy calm, and sigh relief.
Wild exultation
Comes nevermore;
Love without passion
Reigns on our shore.

O rest, more sweet for that wild sea beyond,
Girding the homes of men who know thee not;
A little race, who, bound in one strong bond,
Go forth through darkness to an unknown lot.
Come, then, ye mortals
Who would be blest,
Enter our portals,
And find your rest.

The Dressmaker's Story.

A competent and tasteful dress-maker told me, not long ago, that she had an idea her experience in what were called the first families of New York would surprise me, and it did.

"I have been out as dressmaker," she said, "for fifteen years. The first five years I was imposed upon in every imaginable manner; but since then I have managed very well. I got so at last that I knew how to fix the women who put me off from day to day and week to week about my money—I went to their husbands. Sometimes it would make a fuss; but I couldn't afford to work without compensation, and I was bound to get it somehow. I tell you, though, I have pitied some women terribly. Many of them, after contriving all ways to procure a nice dress, cloak, or some article of wearing apparel, after having pinched here and there, and, in some cases, compelled to actually lie in regard to household expenses, to procure the necessary trimmings, the funds would be completely exhausted before I had finished my work, and the result was no pay. After a good many losses and heart-aches I finally adopted a plan which has worked very well. Whenever I went to a new family I always informed the lady of the house that my price was so much per day; and, to save trouble, I insisted, in every instance, upon being paid each evening. I made up my mind that a woman who could not make it convenient to pay me for one day's work would naturally find some difficulty in settling for a dozen. Goodness," she continued, as I ventured to remark that I should suppose one could tell by appearances, and the acknowledged social position of the families who employed her, whether they could be relied on or not; "not a bit of it. Brown stone fronts, Wilton carpets, full length mirrors, velvets and satins, are no criterions of honesty, let me tell you. Why," said she, "you know Mr. ——, don't you?" mentioning a gentleman extensively known in political and literary circles.

"Oh, yes; well," I replied.

"Then you know what kind of an establishment he keeps. Mrs. —— engaged me—or, rather, requested my services for a month. I stated my terms before I took my things off. She laughed in my face.

"'Why,' said she, 'how ridiculous! I shouldn't suppose you would find any employment at all if you are as suspicious of everybody as this.'

"After a long talk I agreed to work for her by the week—that is, to receive my pay at the end of each week. My breakfast at this establishment consisted of two slices of stale bread and a cup of coffee you could see forty fathoms in; at noon, two more slices of bread, two potatoes, and sometimes a piece of corned beef or ham; and for supper, what do you think?—a bowl of oatmeal gruel and a couple of crackers. My meals were served to me in the sewing room. I had no means of knowing whether the family lived in this manner or not. Well, the week came to an end at last, and I waited for my lady to settle—having made up my mind, after receiving my money, that I would inform her I should not come again, and why. My stomach was so faint before night that I was all of a tremble. Seven o'clock, eight o'clock, and no one came near me. I finally rang the bell, and a servant informed me that Mr. and Mrs. —— had gone to Staten Island, to remain over the Sabbath. Monday morning I was there at the usual time. Mrs. —— arrived about eight o'clock. She sailed into the sewing room, where I sat with my bonnet and shawl on.

"'Why, what is the matter that you are not at work?' she inquired.

"'You did not settle with me, as you agreed, Saturday evening,' I replied; 'and I am waiting for my money.'

"'Oh, pshaw!' she laughed, 'what a particular body you are, to be sure. Why, child, what do you think—that I mean to cheat you out of your honest wages?'

"'I don't think anything about it, Madam,' I answered, beginning to grow vexed with the cool impudence of her manner; 'I never speculate on such subjects. You agreed to pay me Saturday evening for my week's work; you did not fulfil your contract, and now I hope you will see the necessity of attending to it at once.'

"'Well, well,' she replied, 'go on with your work, and I will make it all right when Mr. —— comes home.'

"Now what could I do? If I refused to comply the probabilities were that she would never pay me a cent; and if I did as she desired I might get my money—although I confessed it looked exceedingly dubious. So I seated myself again at my work, and went on with the old programme, or, rather, bill of fare—stale bread, potatoes and oat-meal. Six o'clock arrived; Madam did not make her appearance. Madam, I was informed, after ringing again for a servant, had been out for more than an hour, and would not be back until late—somebody in upper tendom having a reception.

"'There is nothing for you to do,' she continued, 'but to go home;' and it was a bitter pill to swallow, I can tell you; for I needed the money badly, on account of having a sister down with the inflammatory rheumatism, and while I was out to work I was compelled to hire some one to take care of her. When I went home that night I had not fifty cents in the world. We were out of coal, out of candles, out of everything, and my poor little sister groaning with pain. I hadn't a single friend of whom I could borrow a dollar. A silver ladle—which was the only remnant of past luxury, and which I had kept through all reverses—I hid under my shawl, so that my sister needn't be the wiser for it, and marched to the nearest pawnbroker's shop. I received five dollars on it, and a yellow ticket, which made my blood turn cold in my veins to look at. The next day about noon, I presented myself at the office of Mr. ——, the husband of the woman who had failed to pay me. I had considerable difficulty in getting an audience.

"'Well, young woman,' said he, in an abstracted sort of a manner, 'what can I do for you?'

"I told him, as concisely as possible the history of my grievances.

"'Humph!' he grunted, and then gave me a quizzical, half gratified look, which I scarcely understood.

"'Humph! well, yes; you have done a very proper thing; and he commenced to count out the amount.

"'Mark my words, young woman: You will always find that your best friends are among the men. Women never can be business-like—it isn't in 'em.'

"'But they can be just,' I ventured to remark. 'Women can at least refuse to hire work done which they see no way to pay for.'

"'Tut tut, child! you don't know what you are talking about. My wife had money enough to settle your little bill a dozen times over, but she probably feared she should come short on some of her "fixins;"' and the wretch laughed as if he had said a very smart thing.

"'Don't trust them, my dear, don't trust them; I have lived on intimate terms with one of the fair creatures for several years—and can, therefore, speak from experience.'

"I pocketed the money and walked away, leaving the strange man muttering and laughing as if he, or somebody else, had done a very smart thing. But I will tell you one thing, and that is the truth," and the dressmaker laid her work on her lap for a moment, and looked me steadily in the eye. "I never yet asked a man for money which his wife owed me, (and I have been compelled to do it several times) without receiving the full amount, and pleasantly, too."

"Then, I suppose," I queried, "that you must have decided that men, generally, are more honest than women?"

"Not a bit of it," she replied; "I have decided that men, from long business practice, have accustomed themselves to meeting payments promptly, understanding that this is one secret of business success—and they are ashamed not to do so. Men who have paid me money owed by their wives, would, ten to one, refuse to let them have the amount—because a man can cheat and abuse his wife, and she will keep still about it, while an outsider would have no compunctions in making the matter known. That's the truth in a nut-shell."

Romance of a Ring.

A Paris correspondent is responsible for the following:—Before Napoleon I. married Maria Louise, he was one evening entering the park at Fontainebleau, when the savory perfume of something he remembered drew him to the keeper's lodge, and he discovered the scent to be the matter-of-fact smell of soup. There the bulky dish stood fuming away gloriously. Napoleon was hungry, and asked for a plateful of the wholesome food. While the good people were hurrying about to place the best of their crockery before him, the Emperor observed that one of the keeper's girls looked at him very sorrowingly, and when he had eaten the soup with much relish, he inquired what her grief was. "I hear your Majesty is going to divorce our sweet mistress," answered the girl, "and it grieves us all." "You don't understand politics," said Napoleon, abruptly, and hurried away.

Josephine heard of what had been said by the keeper's daughter, and when she was divorced, presented her with a ring of pearls, thanking her for having said a kind word, while her courtiers looked on and remained indifferent. The ring has ever since been held in great veneration. Its last owner was, about six months ago, looking round his cellar, when his wife, who was with him, suddenly exclaimed that she had lost the ring. Search was made, all the wine was cleared out and the cobwebs disturbed, but it was nowhere to be found. Had his wife lost it in the cellar? She was confident she had. The stones were taken up; all in vain. Not more than three weeks ago he was again in the cellar giving orders about bottling some claret, and while explaining to his man how to rinse out the empty bottles, took one out of a heap lying by. It rattled; he held it up, and there was the ring.

Why Do We Oil Our Whetstones?

We oil our whetstones for several reasons. The first is that almost all stones, unless oiled, become glazed or burnished on the surface, so that they no longer abrade the metal. The second reason is that most stones, after being oiled, give a finer edge than they do in a dry or merely wet state. The pores of the stone become in a measure filled up, and while the action is rendered continuous, its character is altered. A dry stone is very apt to give a wire edge to a tool, and although this sometimes happens when oil is used, it does not occur nearly so often. It has been said that a little carbonic acid dissolved in the water which is used to moisten a whetstone or a grindstone will greatly increase the friction, and thus promote the action of the stone upon the steel instrument. If this be true, and there be no unforeseen drawbacks, carbonic acid will prove invaluable to all who have to sharpen tools or grind metallic surfaces.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

☞ A Berlin professor says that all children are born with blue eyes; the darker hues come later.

☞ Good name for a bull-dog—Agrippa.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

(CONCLUDED.)

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

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XLIII.

RUTH SINGS TWICE.

I never said a word to Rupert, who was as silent as myself. I felt that I almost hated him for coming between me and Cecil, and that Ruth was not worthy of the sacrifice I was making, and had no business to accept it. I know that I looked sulky, for Rupert said that his nymph was getting to look savage, and as he was then retouching the face, I know he intended a hit at my expression. I looked more lowering than before, but he painted away, humming a tune, with his head on one side, and trying to appear as if he didn't care. Time passed. I looked at my watch. "Eleven o'clock! I expected Ruth long before this."

Rupert did not seem to hear.

"Ruth is going to stay with me for a while."

"Very pleasant for her."

"And for me also."

"I didn't know that you were so fond of her."

"I am not *very* fond of her; but we women always stand up for each other."

"I thought you were more in the habit of knocking out the props."

"You didn't think any such thing."

"Have your own way, and live the longer."

I wanted to box his ears, but I felt that he was trying to provoke me, and determined to keep my temper. "If people live the longer for having their own way, I should think all the married women would die off."

"Hem! *You* have had no experience of that kind. Cecil has let you have your own way altogether."

This was more than I could endure. I walked up to him and deliberately boxed his ears. No love-pat, but a blow that made my fingers tingle. As I took away my hand, Ruth came into the room. Rupert's face was scarlet, and so was mine, but she did not seem to remark it as she came up to us, and said very gently to Rupert, "May I speak to you?"

"Certainly," he replied, having given her but one glance and turned to his work again, over which his brush flew lightly, but I observed that the strokes were slightly unsteady.

She was standing behind him, and she looked at me and made a gesture. I interpreted it, and retired to the other end of the long room, where I could hear nothing that was spoken in an undertone. But I could not help watching them, feeling the interest I did, and wondering what would be the result of this interview, and what it was that Ruth was about to say. I could see her speaking to him quietly but earnestly, while he continued his work, though the strokes came at longer intervals, and presently he stopped, inclining his head towards her, but without raising his eyes. Then he said a few words, and she bowed her head as if satisfied, and moved away from him. She came towards me, looking very pale, but calm. I said, "Rupert does not need me any more; let us go and walk in the garden." She assented, and I rang for a couple of wraps, then told Rupert our intention, and asked him to stay to luncheon. He thanked me, without assenting, and we draped ourselves, head and shoulders, and descended—Red-Ridinghoods for the time being.

When we came in, there was Rupert waiting for us. I took this as a matter-of-course, and we sat down to the small, cozy table. Aunt Julia joined us, and we were quite gay, with the exception of Ruth, who smiled often, but said little.

When Ferd came in, after luncheon, he looked surprised at the addition to our party, but, Rupert being present, said nothing. In the course of the evening, I saw him watching the two, without appearing to do so, and he was evidently puzzling his brains as to the possible termination of affairs.

Ruth became more herself, as the evening passed. Her eyes brightened, her cheeks reddened, and she fell into her old, coquettish ways and tones of speech. It seems

odd, but I remarked that when she was quiet, Rupert had glanced at her occasionally, and had even addressed her once or twice; but as she became animated, and began to talk and laugh, he grew cold again, and did not even turn his head her way. Later in the evening, Ferd, who had been hanging around her in the old fashion, asked her to sing. She complied, without hesitation; and I never heard her sing more sweetly, in my life. This is what she sang:—

Good-night, good-night—
The moon shall round and wane,
Fill her bright circle, fade, and swell again,
Until her slender sickle's shine appears
Hung o'er a sheaf of years.

Good-night, good-night—
The sun shall rise and set,
Seed-time nor harvest the good God forget—
The soft grass spring, the tall grain shake its spears,
Time bind his sheaf of years.

Good-night, good-night—
The wild-flowers of my spring,
You trembling plucked, beneath your feet you fling,
And all my golden-autumn's grain appears
Lost in the sheaf of years.

Good-night, good-night—
How pale the moon shall shine,
How cold the sun look, in our days' decline—
How worthless, heaped by aged hands, with tears,
The harvest of the years!

(What Ruth told some one afterward.)

Before I went into the painting-room, I had resolved to tell Rupert that he was standing between Eleanor and her husband, trusting the rest to his sense of honor. This I did, in as few words as possible, without referring to my own hopes or fears; and Rupert replied as briefly, that he would make it right. I knew then, that he would do what he could; for, if he gives his word, it is for once and forever. Then Eleanor and I went to walk in the garden; and when we came in, we found luncheon and Rupert awaiting us. It was evident that he did not intend that my presence should interfere with either his habits or his pleasure; so, during the evening, he devoted himself to Eleanor; and Ferd devoted himself to me. Talk about tortures for the body! They are nothing to those that the heart can suffer; and when I went to bed that night, I felt as if I had been on the rack, mentally, with the addition of heart-screws, instead of thumb-screws, and—I didn't feel like joking about it then—that "the Duke of Exeter's daughter" was nothing compared with Richard Rupell's son.*

Rupert came over to work on his painting the next morning, as was his custom; but Eleanor did not sit to him, preferring to drive me out in her pony-phaeton. We had not gone very far before Rupert and Ferd appeared; having followed us, on horseback—and, apparently by chance, Rupert rode by my side of the carriage. He actually spoke to me once or twice, and I was foolishly happy, to a degree that I had never known before in my life. Presently, he bent towards me, and said, in a low tone, "I have written." Then his horse bounded away, and knowing that he had only lingered near me to tell me that, my spirits went down to zero. He preceded us during the remainder of the drive, but I was so absurdly in love, that to be allowed to look at his back and shoulders, and the close-cut curls under his hat, was happiness enough for the time being. When we reached home again—I was so far gone that I called wherever *he* was home—we found him and Ferd already dismounted, and waiting to help us out of the carriage. I expected that Ferd would perform that duty for *me*, but, when Eleanor drove up the ponies, *Rupert* was on my side of the carriage. I could hardly believe my eyes. I know that my hand trembled as I placed it in his, and I felt my cheeks flame. He lifted me out, almost with his old tenderness,—you will laugh at the idea of anyone being *lifted* out of a pony carriage—but I made the most of the step to the ground, and contrived to stumble, so that he was obliged to support me in his arms for the space of a minute—I made capital of that minute, looking up into his eyes, and dropping my head, caressingly, on his shoulder, and I thought that his face flushed, and that he looked down at me, as he used to look before the beginning of those dreadful days. Then I ran into the house. Eleanor followed me in a few minutes. She was in quite a state of excitement, and told me that Rupert had promised to stay to dinner.

"Well?" I said.

"Don't you see that it's a good omen? He does not seem to wish to avoid you; on the contrary, I think he seeks your society, for he never has followed *me* on horseback, and I have been to drive, every morning, for some time. I have sent over for some of your things, and want you to make a handsome toilette, and make him as much in love with you as possible. You shall wear my pearls."

I kissed the dear, generous little thing. "You said that you wished to be my sister, but you are kinder than many real sisters. It will not be your fault if I am not a happy woman."

"You *must* be a happy woman; Rupert hasn't loved you through everything, all these years, to give you up now."

Amalie soon returned, bringing the blue silk for which Eleanor had sent, and then proceeded to dress my hair. The blue silk and pearls were donned, and Eleanor, having turned me around, surveying me from every point of view, pronounced that Rupert would be an "insensible brute," should he prove callous to so many charms. Then we went into the drawing-room. Shall I confess that I went into that drawing-room with my color coming and going like a girl's, and my heart beating against my breast-bone like a hammer. I *was* looking my best, and if my good looks should fail to please Rupert!

I could not look up when I first went in, but Eleanor said that Rupert looked up, as I entered, and did not take his eyes from me from that time. He took me out to dinner, and what a dinner that was!—nectar and ambrosia, dispensed by Hebe and Ganymede, who seemed in some way to have gotten into the liveries of the fat butler and tall footman. Rupert was too charming for my peace of mind, unless this bliss should be lasting, and no coolness supervene. Eleanor contrived to get near me in our transit from the dining-room, and to pinch my arm black and blue, in silent congratulation. Ferd was as bad as Eleanor, performing a species of jig behind us all the way.

That evening was Paradisiacal. Rupert sat beside me on a low tete-a-tete, just beyond the fitful gleams of the firelight, which lit the frills of my skirt, and occasionally sparkled in the ring upon his left hand, but when his right arm stole around me, no one perceived it, and the kiss he left on my forehead burned like fire. Eleanor sat at the piano, running her fingers over the keys, and giving us snatches of melody, now soft and dreamy, now gayest trills, with lingering touches between, like the slow-dropping of water. And Ferd sat on a low seat by the grate, his head on his hand, and his eyes upon the fire. He asked Eleanor to sing, and she declined, saying she had no voice that night.

"Ruth will sing," Rupert said, and led me to the piano, too happy not to have obeyed a harsher command. And then he stood by me, with his hand on my shoulder, playing with the curls of my hair, while I played the prelude of a song he had used to like:

Sweet eyes, your lightest look's a hymn
Such as floats through cathedral aisles,
Where, from some distant altar, smiles
The Virgin, looking down on Him,
Who, throned above the Seraphim,
Remains a child for us the while.

Sweet lips, your lightest word's a prayer,
Rising, like incense, to the sky;
All sordid hopes beneath you lie,
Nor ever to your level dare—
Like hallowed saint you seem to stand,
Bearing the lily in your hand.

Sweet heart, I do not dare to pray
That, in that pure and sealed shrine,
My mortal image should recline,
But if, while worshipping, some day,
The opened door I chance to see,
I'll lock me in, and hide the key.

XLIV.

(Lady Carrick's Diary.)

"YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS."

During this week, affairs have progressed astonishingly. Rupert seems as much in love with Ruth as ever, and Ruth is in the seventh heaven. Ruth still stays with me, but Rupert spends every day here, coming early in the morning, and going late in the evening, and their happiness sometimes almost sickens me, it is in such contrast with my loneliness. But I don't regret what I have done.

* * * * *

I was in the conservatory this morning, petting my flowers, when I heard a despairing cry. Not Ruth's voice, surely? Happy Ruth. I hurried as fast as I could in the direction of the sound, and nearly fell over a heap on the floor of the room I had entered. That heap was Ruth. I rang for help, and then tried to lift up the poor crushed thing's head from the floor. Crushed is all the epithet that would apply, for it seemed as if life itself had deserted her. She lay so prone, and was so flaccid and resistless when I put my hands under her shoulders, to raise her head. Aunt Julia came in, with a servant or two, and gave me a most significant glance when she saw what had happened. Having laid her on a lounge, and loosened her dress, we applied the usual restoratives, and Aunt Julia was about to send instantly for a doctor, when I stopped her. Ruth had just moaned out one word, in an agonized tone—"Forever!"

"I don't think she's naturally ill, Aunt Julia," I said, in her ear.

"She has had a shock of some kind."

"A shock?"

"Yes. You may all go now," I said to the servants, and went to Ruth, as I saw her eyes unclose. She held out both hands to me.

"Eleanor—" and then she began to weep.

"What is it, dear?" I asked, after an interval.

"He has gone."

"*Rupert* gone!"

"Yes. Oh-o-o-o-h!" A long, shuddering moan.

"But why? I cannot understand it."

Ruth sat upright, and clenched her two hands together, until they looked like hands carved in marble. "Eleanor, he has been playing with me. He has meant to go all the time. He did it to punish me. Oh! how could he? how *could* he?" She beat her hands together in a paroxysm of grief, and tore at her long, loosened hair.

"Oh! Ruth, don't! You'll pull your hair out."

"What do I care? My looks are of no importance now."

"But, Ruth, I can't understand how Rupert—"

"He said that I had changed him—that this was what a wicked woman could do—that he, who had hated to hurt a fly, now delighted in my tears, and was glad to have been so cunning and cruel as to have matched my cruelty and cunning."

"Why, Ruth, he is a wretch!"

"If he is a wretch, I made him so. Ah! me! Ah! me!"

"Why, Ruth, you loved him so, and he knew it!"

"If he hadn't, he couldn't have hurt me so. Eleanor, I am only twenty-seven years old. I may live to be sixty, and all those years without him!"

"Oh! he will be sorry for this. He cannot be so deliberately wicked."

"I set him the example. It is all my fault."

"A man should be more generous than a woman. He is stronger. And, Ruth, did you tell him—"

"I would not appeal to his pity if his love failed me. I have not sunk as low as that."

"But, my dear, if he had known—"

"He never shall know from me. He might hate—"

"Oh! don't say such things, dear!"

"That will be such a comfort, Eleanor, and it might be taken from me."

"Never. I know Rupert better than that."

"However, I shall say nothing; and I probably never shall know where he is, if I wished to speak."

"Oh! he can't disappear as entirely as that. We will look him up."

"He said 'forever,'" said Ruth, hanging her head. "Oh! if it were not—Eleanor, the weather's too cold for drowning comfortably, isn't it?"

"Don't talk so, Ruth. It is wicked. Whatever burden God gives us, He gives the power to bear with it."

"But I never loved God, you know! I have been a wretch all my life."

"I don't doubt this is sent you for your good then. And from this evil may spring your future happiness."

"Nothing worse can happen to me now, unless—unless I should lose my good looks, for then he wouldn't look at me in my coffin."

"You were not pretty when he first loved you."

"He thought me so. He liked my grace and the 'charm' he used to rave about better than my *real* good looks. Eleanor, perhaps I shall grow thin and black now."

"No, keep just as you are, for now you *are very, very* beautiful."

She half-smiled as I said this. It always did do Ruth good to tell her she was pretty.

I made her dress herself for dinner, but it was a sore task for her. I knew it would do her good to make the exertion, and that nothing is so dispiriting as moping around all day in one's morning dress. Ferd tried to make up for Rupert's absence, but the change was so great from yesterday to-day that he could not succeed. However, Ruth *tried* to be cheerful, and contrived to get off a feeble joke or two, so different from her hearty, unconstrained mirth of the past week.

"We will have a game of some kind this evening when Ferd comes in," I said, as we sat in the twilight, Ruth by the grate and I at the piano, fingering out a few chords. "Here he is! Speak of the—you know!" I turned from the piano, saying, "We were just speaking of you."

"Were you?" How strangely his voice sounded! I sat for an instant dumb with apprehension of more evil, and in that instant he came slowly towards me and stood by my side, caressing my hair.

"You have heard no bad news?" I asked, breathlessly.

"None."

"How you frightened me! Your voice sounded so strangely."

"Did it?" He had his arm across my shoulder now, and was drawing me towards him with an almost passionate clasp.

"Ferd! I—" He was showering kisses on my cheek, brow and lips, and drawing me ever closer. I struggled with him. "Ruth, I think Ferd is—"

"Hallo! what is that about Ferd?" said his voice from another part of the room.

"Ferd! *who is this*, then?"

"One who has a right to kiss you, in spite of all your struggles."

And I was lifted up and borne within the circle of the firelight, which leaped up, sparkling, and flamed across Cecil's face. I did not scream, nor cry, nor faint away—I only looked up into his face and said, "Cecil! Cecil! Cecil!"

"You seem to like the name," said Cecil, laughing.

"It's the sweetest name in the world. Oh! you are not going away again!"

"Never. My place is now with my wife and—" He whispered the last word in my ear.

* * * * *

I am so happy that I am almost ashamed of my happiness, for Ruth must now feel as I felt. She says she is glad to see me so happy, but I know it must cut her to the heart sometimes, and makes me feel sometimes as if I ought to apologize for being glad when she is sad. Cecil is very kind to her. He will not hear of her going back to her own lonely home, and I am not jealous that he should wish to keep her. I am sure of him now.

* * * * *

Ruth isn't as sad as she was a week ago. I overheard one of the housemaids saying that she had "perked up wonderful." If *perking up* means adopting the most becoming toilettes for morning and evening, and spending any amount of time on her hair, she has done so. She also finds it possible to smile occasionally, and is no longer so very languid in her conversation. Ferd is willing to entertain her all day, and every day, but she seems to prefer Cecil's companionship. I will do Cecil the justice to say that he does not seek her, but then she *does* seek him, and how can he help feeling flattered, she is so beautiful and so sad, unless he is speaking to her, when she *illuminates!* I told him the other day that he is the *light* of that *widowed-transparency*, and he laughed and pulled my hair. Then I acknowledged to him that I was jealous.

"You needn't be, my precious. Don't I know Ruth, and don't I know you?"

I had a plan for putting Ruth to a test, and when I could get away from Cecil I went to the door of her room and knocked.

"Come in," she said. I went in, and found her fussing over a dress.

"I am glad to see that you have recovered *some* interest in your looks," I said, in rather a sarcastic tone.

"It isn't natural to me to be dowdy," she replied, trying the effect of some rich old lace, with her head on one side. I colored a little, for I had not dressed much lately, and I thought I observed a side-glance at my plain dark gown.

"It makes such a difference, having a *man* in the house."

"And now, when there are *two*."

"*Cecil* can be of no importance."

"Why?"

"He is married," I said, rather lamely.

"Marriage hasn't deprived him of his eyesight."

"It should for every woman but his wife."

"Things are not always as they should be."

"Indeed they are not."

"I never saw a man, married or otherwise, who hadn't both eyes *and* ears. And if I can please both, I shall."

"Do you defy me?"

"Defy you? Oh, no! We are not in competition."

"You are trying to compete with me."

"Am I?"

"You are at your old tricks with Cecil."

"Lady Carrick, am not I to be allowed to look pretty, and sing well, because your husband is in the house?"

"If my husband were not in the house, you would neither sing nor dress as well."

Ruth came up to me, and threw her arms around me—

"Eleanor, we have almost quarrelled! I never will quarrel with you again; for never can I forget how much I owe you."

What could I do, but return the embrace?—not very cordially, I must admit. And when she came down to dinner, she was dressed more exquisitely than ever before.

I had taken the hint with regard to dowdiness; and, on my part, had made as careful a toilette as Ruth. Instead of my usual high-bodied, long-sleeved dress, I now allowed my shoulders and arms to bare themselves to the light, in the square-cut corsage and from the loose sleeves of my sea-green silk—and wore a full sett of aqua-marina; while my hair was dressed as carefully as Ruth's own. Cecil quite stared, when he saw me.

"The sea-nymph has walked out of the painting," he said; and he led me in to dinner, instead of taking Ruth, which would have been more polite. But I didn't quarrel with his want of politeness. Ferd was attentive enough to her to make up for Cecil's defection; but that was not what she wanted, and she was not, by any means, as lively as usual at the dinner-table. She came and stood by Cecil and me, as we sat together after dinner.

"Doesn't she look lovely to-day?" she said to him, (meaning me) and then went to the piano, sat down, and touched a few deep chords.

"Pray sing," said Cecil. And she sang something thrillingly sweet, moving him with her voice, as of old. Cecil still sat by me. And Ruth, having finished, came towards us again, and drew a brioche almost to Cecil's feet, there seating herself, and looking up into his face.

"If you were away, would you wish Eleanor to sit in sackcloth and ashes?" she said.

"Undoubtedly. Didn't she do it?"

"I—don't—know." And Ruth's gaze wandered a little. I did not think that Cecil had spoken as she wished.

"And yet you were here all the time," said Cecil. Then he added—"But that is not your code."

She blushed, looking down at the jewelled hands resting in her silken lap. I got up and went to the piano. Cecil had never heard me sing. He should now.

Come back, come back, mine eyes are blind,
Since thine no more they see;
My lips are mute—oh! most unkind!
Those kisses were for me,
When first this world shone as a star,
My soul was formed for thee.

Come back, come back, my heart is void,
And sore with vain regret;
Thou art a wandering asteroid,
In no fixed system set.
When this old world first saw the sun,
Our loves and fates had then begun.

"Why, Eleanor, you sing as well as Ruth!" said Cecil, coming over to me, and humming—

"When this old world first saw the sun,
Our loves and fates had then begun."

* * * * *

Ruth has been to me this morning, to say that she must go home. She has so much to do; and she feels that home affairs have been too long neglected. I agreed with her perfectly, though I didn't say so—but advised her to wait and hear what Cecil has to say about it—*Cecil* having been the one who has urged her to stay—and I don't wish her to have it in her power to say that *I* have driven her away. Query—Would she have wished to go, had it not been for her failure of yesterday?

Cecil had been gone all the morning, and *did* not return until quite late. Ruth must have been on the watch, for, as soon as he came into the hall, she slipped into the drawing-room; and then I heard her go out into the hall and speak to him. The drawing-room door shut. And in about a quarter of an hour, Cecil came into my dressing-room.

"It seems that Ruth is going," said he.

"Not until she has asked your advice."

"She has asked, and I have given it. I told her that I thought, if she ever expected Rupert's return, she had better have a home in readiness for him."

"What did she say to that?"

"She cried a little, and said that she expected to be alone all the rest of her life."

"What did you say then?"

"That you would always be here, if she wished companionship; and that she must call upon me, in all business matters."

"Poor Ruth!"

"She *is* to be pitied."

"At anyrate, Cecil, *we* will always be kind to her."

"I shall always be *kind* to her, I hope; as for you, I really begin to think that you are an angel."

(From Lady Carrick's Diary, some eight months' later.)

I told Nurse I should wish her to carry Baby across the garden, as I was going to see Mrs. Rupell. She brought me the little thing, all bedizened with ribbons, that I might admire her freshly-brushed curls and new blue shoes. Papa came in at this juncture, and having asked where Baby was going, that she should be so fine, I told him to see Ruth.

"To compare babies, I suppose. Don't you wish my company?"

"You may give me your arm for that distance."

"What an old lady you have become since Baby's advent. Must mammas never jump nor run, but always move at the dignified pace you have so recently adopted?"

"Oh! I *can* run, sir. I am not so *very* old yet."

"I don't believe you can. Do you, Nurse?"

"My lord, her ladyship can go like a bird."

"I challenge your ladyship to a race, then. We will take these two alleys, and see who will first reach the latticed gate. Do you agree?"

"Yes."

"Then—one, two, three, and away!"

I had gathered up my muslin skirts, and, at the last word, flew down the alley, my boots clicking over the gravelled-walk. I passed Andrew, who looked in grave astonishment, shot by a gardener's boy, who stood all mouth and eyes—rushed around the curve that led to the latticed gate, bounded against some opposing body, and fell, almost breathless, into a pair of arms.

"Did I beat you, Cecil?" I asked, as soon as I could catch my breath.

As I asked this question, I saw Cecil appear around the opposite turning.

"What do I see?" he cried, dramatically.

And I, having released myself with a start, looked up at the owner of the arms—"*Rupert!!!*"

"Yes, Rupert. I supposed of course you knew me. Do you throw yourself into the arms of any one who may happen to be around?"

"She only embraced the goal," said Cecil. "You were the goal, you see."

"Then *you knew*, Cecil?"

"Of course I did. I spent last evening with him and Ruth."

"And never told me a word?"

"Rupert wished to surprise you. So I promised to send you to the gate this morning."

"Well, if you *will* throw your wife into another man's arms!"

"I didn't bargain for that. However, I can retaliate when I see Ruth."

"Here she comes!" said Rupert. "There's a boy for you!"

"I can match him with a girl."

"It's rather early to make such an arrangement," said Rupert. "But what do you say, Ruth, to contracting the boy to his little cousin, yonder?"

"I should say," said Ruth, blushing and smiling, "that it was acting up to what seems to have been a *family-failing*."

THE END.

Sunshine.

The Rev. George Grissom, D. D., of London, recently delivered a lecture on sunlight, in which he demonstrated how carbonic acid gas is deleterious to human life by exhaling into a bottle the air from his lungs, and then placing a light therein, which was at once extinguished. The life of a living insect, the doctor said, would have been extinguished as quickly. The oxygen which is necessary to life is derived from plants through the operation of the sun's rays—the yellow ray—and the vegetables in return absorb the poisonous carbon exhaled from the human lungs. Both these operations take place only in the sun's rays, hence the impropriety of sleeping with plants in our rooms. With man the sun's rays play a part very important. Under their operation continual change is taking place in the human system; a constant chemical process is in operation. The action of death was a mere chemical operation, produced by the incapacity of the system to inhale the necessary oxygen and exhale the poisonous carbon of the system. To preserve this condition in life, and a healthy system, as well as the development of the mental powers alike in old and young, a due proportion of sunlight is necessary.

The Pope Interviewed.

The Figaro tells this story:—The other day His Holiness the Pope was visited by an American lady, a Protestant. She had her right arm covered with chaplets, and asked his holiness to bless that arm. The Pope did so with his habitual unction. When he saw that the lady then did not prepare to leave his room, he blandly said to her:—"Anything else, madame?" "Yes, your Holiness, I want your portrait." "Ah, my portrait?" said Pius the Ninth; "here it is." The lady took it, but did not stir. "What further?" asked the benignant Pius. "Your signature to the photograph, Holy Father," said the lady, with perfect imperturbability. The Pope, knitting his brow a little, signed his name to the portrait. Still the lady remained motionless on the chair. "Can I do anything else for you, madame?" inquired Pius, in a tone of decided frigidness. "Yes, Holy Father," replied the American lady, "I desire to have the pen with which you signed the name to your photograph." Now the Pope lost his temper, and, seizing the pen and his inkstand, he held both of them out to the lady, and exclaimed, rather excitedly, "Here, madame, is the pen, take it; and here is the inkstand, please take it, too." She took them both.

Robins.

It is generally supposed that the robins emigrate to the South during the winter months. From the following account it would appear that such is not the case:—Two gentlemen crossing the Sandwich Mountains, New Hampshire, discovered a deep valley, and approaching it found it clothed with hemlock, spruce, fir, and tamarack, growing so near together that it was with difficulty they made headway between them. Before they came to this growth the snow was over a foot in depth; after entering it was only six inches, the residue lying on the tops of the trees, making quite a roof, and excluding much of the light of day. After making their way a few rods they were surprised to find the place an extensive robin "roost," occupied by thousands, and so thickly were they congregated that they might have killed numbers with their walking-sticks in crossing the premises from south to north—about thirty rods.

☞ "Gerty, my dear," said a Sabbath-school teacher to one of her class, "you were a very good little girl to-day." "Yes'm—I couldn't help bein' good; I got a tiff neck," said Gerty, with perfect seriousness.

Another little thing when her father's table was honored by an esteemed guest, began to talk very earnestly at the first pause in the conversation. Her father checked her somewhat sharply, saying, "Why is it that you always talk so much?" "'Cause I've got remarks to say," was the instant reply—at which the solemn papa was obliged to look another way, and the guest laughed outright.

☞ Some days ago a pretty, bright little juvenile friend, some five years of age, named Rosa, was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visits the family. He finally wound up by saying,

"Rosa, I don't love you."

"Ah, but you've got to love me," said the child.

"How so?" asked her tormentor.

"Why," Rosa answered, "the Bible says you must love them that hate you, and I am sure I hate you."

☞ Children should be impressed with the danger of eating anything found lying in the streets—no matter how much like candy, or something "good to eat," it may look. From Port Clinton, Ohio, comes the sad story of a little boy who picked up from the street what he supposed to be a bit of candy, and ate it. He was soon taken ill, and the symptoms becoming alarming, a physician was called. He at once detected symptoms of poisoning by strychnine; and, on being questioned, the boy said the "candy" had "such a bitter taste" after he swallowed it. It was supposed that the strychnine was mixed with candy, or else in a crystallized state. Everything possible was done for the little fellow; but, after suffering the most agonizing spasms for hours, death released him.

☞ A NEW QUOTATION.—At a colored meeting, a few nights ago, a worthy brother, whose piety exceeds his learning, rather astonished his hearers by quoting, during an exhortation, from "de 'pistle of St. Paul to de Canadians." He meant to say, "St. Paul to the Corinthians."

☞ It is complained of Shakespeare that he unnecessarily murdered Hamlet. But he has been paid for it. A great many Hamlets have murdered Shakespeare.

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* Some of my readers may not know that the "Duke of Exeter's daughter" was an ingenious instrument of torture.

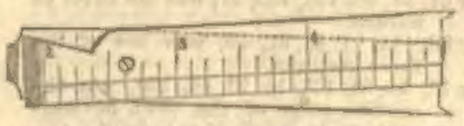
A Great Error.

A little girl, nine years old, attending a public school in Manchester, Connecticut, having failed to recite her geography lesson perfectly on a Thursday, was required on Friday to repeat the lesson for that day and the day before. She failed again, and, as a punishment, was required to stand on the floor in a passage-way, where there was a draft of cold air, while she learned it. She stood there for an hour, and afterward was compelled to stand in the school-room five hours longer, till she learned Thursday's lesson, and for an hour more, trying to learn Friday's, and was not released until sometime after the other scholars had been sent home. She is said to have been full of health and spirits on Friday morning; but on Saturday her legs began to swell, and she suffered intensely, soon becoming delirious, trying to repeat the lesson which was the occasion of her punishment, and begging of her teacher leave to take her seat. After a few days of this agony she died. An investigation was made, and the teacher found guilty of "error in judgment." The error was a very great and serious one.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA has presented a diamond ring to a M. Buchan, who has recently invented a mode of warming railway carriages without expense by utilizing the heat of the locomotive. The details of this most valuable invention have not yet reached us. It is rather a curious fact that in such an out of the way country as Russia, whose railways are but things of yesterday, railway travelling should be so much better understood than in England—the parent country of all railways. In Russia all are cheap fares, four classes of carriages, all well warmed and comfortable in every way. In the first class, beds, lavatories, and every luxury; and above all, punctuality on the longest journeys. It is one of the advantages, we suppose, of an absolute government.

☞ A young woman of Indiana, keeps twenty-seven engagement rings hung up in her boudoir, the spoils of five years.

☞ A little girl seeing a litter of kittens for the first time, expressed her opinion "that somebody had shaken pussy all to pieces."



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My Silver Wedding.

BY MOSES SKINNER.

It being just twenty-five years since my first wife died, I thought I couldn't better celebrate the event than by having a grand silver wedding. Alas! twenty-five brief summers, and it seems but day before yesterday since I returned from her funeral an altered man, and told the undertaker to call round for his pay in the fall.

The great trouble in silver weddings is that you are apt to get two or three presents alike, but I flatter myself that I fixed 'em here. In the first place, Mrs. Skinner and I looked over our stock of silver ware to see what we were out of, and found that we could take about twenty-five square presents without getting bilious; and then we invited a few children in reference to nut-crackers, butter-knives, and other small fry. I issued my invitations two weeks beforehand, to give everybody a chance to buy a present, and in addition hinted in a delicate manner what I should like each one to bring.

So the invitations read very much like this:—

MRS. CHARITY PHLEABOTTOM
and husband,
You are both asked
To Mr. and Mrs. Mose Skinner's Silver Wedding,
January 17th.

*** *Please bring silver castor, with extra mustard jug.*

MRS. JOANN BEEZUM
and husband,
You are both asked
To Mr. and Mrs. Mose Skinner's Silver Wedding,
January 17th.

*** *We cherish fond hopes in your direction in reference to a silver tea-pot.*

On the back of each invitation was a neat gilt scroll enclosing the words, "Please avoid dollar stores."

To say the affair was a success would be defrauding the dictionary. I have looked that venerable pamphlet through, but fail to find a word that meets the case. Nothing short of seven syllables and a French roof will do, so I give it up.

On the arrival of the guests, I took charge of the presents with as much emotion as the value of the present called for. A silver pie-knife I received with a husky tremor in my voice, while an elegant silver teapot caused me to entirely break down with emotion, b t I recovered, and went through the trying ordeal with unflinching bravery. Those that didn't bring presents were told that we were not at home, which of course made the gathering more select. We received some very fine presents, including a share in a silver mine, a lock of gray hair streaked with silver, some silver tones from a maiden's voice, a silver beam from the moon, and some castor oil made from a silver castor.

Then my wife and I stood up and received the silver-tongued congratulations of our guests on our happy married life. But I didn't need 'em. No, I should say not. When I see a man utterly crushed in spirit and baldheaded at the premature age of fifty, with a black eye constantly on hand, and a wife who is ready to furnish him with more black eyes at the lowest market price, I pause ere I congratulate him on matrimonial bliss. Not that I would insinuate that Mrs. Skinner is not as gentle as a dove in the olive-branch business. Not at all. I simply say that in a case like this, I should probably pause to the extent of two semicolons and a comma, ere I congratulated him.

If people would only learn to congratulate old maids and old bachelors, how much more sensible it would be.

I had previously engaged a beautiful band, who had agreed to discourse plaintive strains at the reasonable price of twenty cents a strain; but, as they failed to put in an appearance owing to a question of settlements, I was at my wits' end for music. As luck would have it, though, I found an Italian Count down at the Police Station, who was professor of that noble instrument, the hand-organ. He was perfect master of the instrument, having spent two years studying for a bass drummer, and amid his inspiring strains we were soon "slipping our heavy fantastic toes in the hazy waltz," as Lord Byron says—Mrs. Stowe to the contrary notwithstanding.

At ten o'clock, the Hon. A. Phrawd, of the Mutual Admiration Society of which I am President, came forward to present me with a silver-headed cane. This society is founded on the following sterling principles:—1. Mutual admiration among the members. 2. Presentation of something nice once in a while to each member as a slight testimonial of the esteem in which he is held by the other members. 3. "Scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours." For instance, I start a subscription to give Jones a watch. The members all subscribe, and I make the presentation speech. Jones, in gratitude, starts a silver urn for me, and then we jointly recognize Robinson's sterling qualities and give him a cane, and he retaliates by starting a subscription for Brown, &c.

Mr. Jones' speech was full of pathos, and, for the most part, entirely original. This I know, because I wrote it for him myself. As he stepped forward, a large hush fell upon that assembly, and you could have distinctly heard the explosion of a Parrot-gun. He said: "Mr. Skinner, a party of eleven gentlemen, recognizing your sterling qualities, and knowing you to be the soul of honor, venture to offer you this cane as a slight testimonial of the esteem in which you are held by the citizens of Boston. May you value it, sir, not for its intrinsic worth, but for the pleasant associations which crowd and elbow each other around it, and we trust—and the man we bought it of trusted too, sir—that it may be long before you are obliged to lean upon it for support—longer than it is now, if necessary—and may it then support you as well as your first wife did, Mr. Skinner—and—bless you, Mr. Skinner. Bless you!" And a large tear of tobacco-juice trickled down his chin. It was the most touching speech I ever listened to, and at its close weeping was plainly visible throughout the room. I myself counted thirty-seven distinct weeps.

Of course I was surprised and entirely overcome by emotion. My countenance worked convulsively, and I vainly strove to thank him, but was finally obliged to retire, sobbing hysterically, with the cane under my left arm.—*True Flag.*

☞ Table sauce—Impudence at a meal.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE,

CONSEQUENT ON THE FASHIONABLE RAGE FOR TARTANS IN ENGLAND.

Tipsy Recruit.—"Hullo, comrad! Wha' reegh'ment do you b'long to?"

A Bridal Anecdote.

Although the first recorded miracle in the New Testament was the converting of water into wine at a marriage ceremony, it is nevertheless not always safe to imbibe, even at a wedding, unless you know something of the vintage. Mistakes will happen, as was the case not long since with the Rev. Dr. ——, of Newburyport, who was called down from his chamber to marry a couple. The hour was late, and the minister's wife, who had retired for the night, did not rise to witness the ceremony, but gave her husband particular directions for the entertainment of the wedding guests. "Don't forget to pass the cake and wine doctor," said she. "The cake is in the corner cupboard, and you'll find the wine on the third right-hand shelf in the sideboard."

The doctor promised obedience, and, putting on his garments, went down to perform the ceremony. When he returned to his chamber, half an hour later, he found his wife sitting up in bed, with an anxious expression on her face.

"Doctor," she cried, "did you give them any wine?"

"Certainly, my dear, just as you told me."

"Not from the decanter on the third shelf of the sideboard?"

"That is exactly where you directed me to find it, wife."

"Dear! dear! Did they drink *much* of it?"

"Why, yes, they emptied their glasses."

"What *shall* we do? Doctor, I made a mistake—it was the ipecac wine you gave them. Oh, how sick they must be! Do, dear, put on your cloak and go right after them—they can't have got far."

The minister found his bridal party at the corner of the next street. "What made you drink the wine?" he asked. "Couldn't you tell by the taste that there was something wrong about it?"

The bridegroom answered, between his qualms, "She whispered to me that it tasted oretful queer, but I told her 'twas *because we was gettin' married.*"

Hard on the Engineer.

An engineer on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad tells the following story of himself. One night the train stopped to wood and water at a small station in Indiana. While this operation was going on I observed two green-looking countrymen, in "home-spun," curiously inspecting the locomotive and occasionally giving vent to expressions of astonishment. Finally one of them looked up to me and said:

"Stranger, are this a locomotive?"

"Certainly! Didn't you ever see one before?"

"No, haven't never seen one afore. Me 'n Bill come down to the station to-night purpose to see one. Them's the feller, ain't it?"

"Yes, certainly."

"What yer call that you're in?"

"We call this the cab."

"And that big wheel?"

"That's the driving wheel."

"That big black thing on the top is the chimbley, I suppose?"

"Precisely."

"Be you the engineer wat runs the machine?"

"I am the engineer."

"Bill," said the fellow to his mate, after eyeing me closely for a few minutes, "*it don't take much of a man to be engineer, do it?*"

"All aboard!"

Tea and Coffee.

Hall's *Journal of Health* says: Taking into account the habits of the people, tea and coffee for supper and breakfast add to human health and life, if a single cup be taken at either meal, and is never increased in strength, frequency or quantity. If they were more stimulants, and were taken thus in moderation and with uniformity, they would in time become inert, or the system would become so habituated to their employment as to remain in the same relative position to them as if they had never been used, as they are liable to abuse. But science and fact unite in declaring them to be nutritious as well as stimulant; hence they will do a new good to the system every day to the end of life, just as bread and fruits do; hence we never get tired of either. But the use of bread and fruits is daily abused by multitudes, and dyspepsia and cholera morbus result; yet we ought to forego the use of tea and coffee because their inordinate use gives neuralgia and other ailments. But the habitual use of tea and coffee at the last and first meals of the day has another high advantage—is productive of incalculable good in the way of averting evils.

We will drink at our meals, and if we do not drink these, we will drink what is worse—cold water, milk or alcoholic mixtures. The regular use of these last will lead the young to drunkenness; the considerable employment of simple milk at meals by sedentary people—by all except the robust—will either constipate or render bilious; while cold water largely used, that especially in cold weather, at racts to itself so much of the heat of the system in raising said water to the temperature of the body—about one hundred degrees—that the process of digestion is arrested; in the meanwhile giving rise to a deathly sickness of the stomach, to twisting pains, to vomitings, purging, and even to cramps.

Fresh Starts.

The wish to begin again is one of those longings which are so universally common to the human race, and are felt so very early in the course of each man's experience, that we call them native impulses, or instincts. As it is human to err, or to think that we have erred, so is it human to wish to repair real or fancied errors. And, like all natural impulses, the desire to start afresh may, under certain circumstances—such as the suffering produced by misconduct, or the higher tone of mind produced by education, by the discipline of study, and by conversation with noble natures—rise and swell into a passionate, irresistible longing. In the domain of politics—that is to say, when this impulse acts upon men aggregated in society—it is called the revolutionary or reforming spirit. In the domain of ethics, when it acts upon men severally, it is called the spirit of self-improvement. And in either case, it is one of the most valuable stimulants and restoratives that human nature exhibits. It is to the spiritual and intellectual life pretty much what chloride of sodium is to the physical life. It is the salt of the social and moral world. The nation or the man that does not feel this desire must either be in a morbid state of self-satisfaction or in the exhaustion of despair. So long as there is a healthful energy, whether of conscience or of hope, there must be a desire to begin again. And however often we begin amiss, hope is ever whispering to us that it is never too late to mend; that if the past is irreparable, the present is our own, and that the remedy for all our ills is a fresh start. It was this aspiration that induced Polycrates to throw his ring into the sea; that made Ahab go softly; that drove Buddha to leave his father's house; that made Augustine abandon his work among the Manichees of Carthage. Indeed the whole life of the human race has been, like the lives of some of its most conspicuous members, one continuous series of struggles after better beginnings. And the popularity of such doctrines as that of metempsychosis and of purgatory shows the natural unwillingness of mankind to contemplate the impossibility of a recommencement, and its feverish desire to regard even death itself as nothing more than a fresh start.

How Gen. Wool Made His Fortune.

The evening before the veteran General was stricken down with the illness that closed his eventful career, he made a most interesting statement to the editor of the Troy Whig, which conveys a practical lesson, and shows how easy it is to become rich after obtaining the first dollar, if one is prudent and economical. "I never made but $20,000 in my life!" said the General, emphatically, "but I always kept that at good interest!" On our expressing surprise, he went on to explain. It seems that at the close of the war of 1812, the General found himself terribly wounded, but about even with the world, in a pecuniary point of view. Shortly afterward the Government sent him to the far South and West, on a special mission connected with military affairs, and for five years he travelled over mountains, and through the almost trackless wilderness, and accomplished his difficult mission, as he always did, to the entire satisfaction of the Government. He had not drawn a dollar from the Treasury, except for actual expenses, and at the end of the five years the Government owed him $20,000, which was then paid. Here was the nucleus of his large fortune. General Wool was then about thirty-five years of age. He died at about the age of eighty-eight. Now, let the reader take this $20,000, which, at compound interest, will nearly double every ten years, and in the fifty years intervening between the time of its receipt and the General's death, he will find that it will amount to more than the General's estate, to wit: $400,000.

☞ A man whose wife hanged herself in his presence, on being asked way he did not prevent the tragedy, replied: "I cut her down three times last week, and I can't be always cutting her down."

☞ The story of a man who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gunpowder, is said to be a hoax.

AGRICULTURAL.

Milk Raising for Cities.

It has been generally supposed by farmers and railroad managers that milk could be transported profitably only about one hundred miles. Hon. J. Z. Goodrich, of Stockbridge, Conn., has written a long letter addressed to the farmers of Berkshire county, Mass., for the purpose of showing that they are "practically as near the New York market for the sale of milk as those who live within twenty or thirty miles of the city."

He says that during the past season milk has been carried every day, even during the summer months, from Dalton and Pittsfield, Conn., to New York city by the Housatonic railroad, a distance of 160 to 170 miles. It has been brought to the stations in the afternoon, and delivered in New York in good condition the next morning in time to be served to city customers before breakfast.

The milk train was started on this road the 1st of October, 1867. It carried 44 cans of 40 quarts each the first day, and increased to an average of about 230 cans per day in 1868, and to about 390 cans per day in 1869. It is stated by Mr. Eli Smith, of Sheffield, that at first only four cans of 40 quarts each was sent from that station, and that during last summer it run up to 87 cans, from 25 farmers, and that he expects from 140 to 150 cans, or a full carload, will be furnished next season.

Mr. Goodrich believes that this new business on the Housatonic road will greatly increase the value of farms on its route, and he says that one farmer admitted that the value of his farm had already been enhanced $3,000 thereby. He believes that this business has added twenty millions of dollars to the value of farms on the Harlem road.

He also discusses its advantages to the railroad. He believes that the county of Berkshire alone may produce, and should produce within two or three years, 1,000 cans, or 40,000 quarts a day, and that in no other way, probably, can its farming lands be improved so much. He says that the demand for good, sweet, pure milk is almost unlimited, and is yearly increasing in a ratio far greater than the development of new sources of supply.

If milk can be sent 150 to 175 miles on the roads centering at New York, we should suppose that the milk circle might be greatly extended around all the cities.

Things Worth Knowing.

For galls on horses' backs or necks—one of the most effective remedies known, is an application of white lead moistened with milk. When milk is not at hand, common white lead paint will answer. If applied in the early stages of the injury, the cure is certain.

To cure scratches in horses wash with strong soap-suds, then with strong copperas water. Repeat twice a day until a cure is effected.

To test a horse's eyes, look at the eye carefully, when the horse is in rather a dark stable. Note the shape and size of the pupil, carry this carefully in your mind while you turn the horse about to a strong light. If the pupil contracts and appears much smaller than in the first instance, you may infer that the horse has a good strong eye; but if the pupil remains nearly of the same size in both cases, his eyes are weak, and you had better have nothing to do with him.

An excellent liniment for wounds, bruises, sprains, and swellings, may be made as follows:—A pint of good vinegar, a pint of soft soap, a handful of salt, and a tablespoonful of saltpetre. Mix thoroughly and bottle for use. This is very efficacious, and is cheaply and easily prepared.—*Western Stock Journal.*

A Good Idea.

The Lexington (Kentucky) Home Journal, says that several Southern planters went to Illinois and Indiana last season for laborers to harvest their crops—and succeeded beyond their expectation. As the cotton and sugar crops are not usually gathered and saved before December, and very frequently not until February, and consequently after the grain and grass crops of the North are secured, they obtained reliable men for these comparatively leisure months, who went to work cheerfully and saved the Southern crops in excellent style. After a profitable late fall and winter engagement, these men returned home in season for spring's work. It is thought larger numbers will be engaged next year.

A Suggestion.—In reply to an inquiry of a farmer who complains that on land in Pennsylvania on which he formerly raised from 30 to 35 bushels of wheat, but now from only 12 to 20, and that the grain lodges badly, Mr. George Geddes, of Fairmount, New York, advises, if the land is rich, to use the Treadwell, Deibl, and other stiff-strawed varieties. Weak-strawed varieties, like the Mediterranean, will do best on poor lands; also to use less seed, and two or three bushels of salt, broadcast, to the acre.

RECEIPTS.

Oysters Etiquette.—Procure two dozen oysters. Have them opened and throw them in a clean basin or soup-plate. Take a small bunch of parsley chopped quite small, a little raw lemon rind ditto, half a nutmeg grated, and the crumb of a stale French roll, also grated; let the latter be well mixed together, adding one drachm of cayenne pepper. Have at hand the yolks of three fresh eggs, beaten up into a fluid; dip the oysters separately into the eggs, and roll them in the crumb of the loaf until the whole of them are encased in a bread coating or covering. Put a quarter of a pound of good butter in a Dutch oven, setting it before a brisk fire until fully melted, arranging your oysters on the tray of the oven at your convenience. Keep the oysters continually turned until they assume a perfectly brown, crusty appearance. When fully baked, serve them up with a plate of bread and butter, cut thin, and use salt at discretion. A stick of celery eaten with them adds greatly to the relish.

Vol au Vent.—Make up ½ lb. flour into paste, roll out one-third of it oval shape. Take one of your dish covers and cut out two, leaving the bottom crust whole, but cutting the middle out of the second; lay them on a tin; cut out a third one, making a distinct line with a cover of smaller oval. Put it in a quick oven, a light brown: take out with a knife this inner circle, fill in the centre with stewed oysters, fricasseed chicken or minced veal, hot. It is well to put in a napkin, to bake.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 144 letters.

My 4, 10, 81, 15, 9, 88, 66, 41, 88, 6, 44, 2, was an Amazonian Queen, slain by Archilles.

My 8, 32, 29, 12, 64, 13, 35, 50, 29, was one of the seven wise men of Greece.

My 88, 48, 59, 29, 8, 82, 71, was the father of Ulysses.

My 6, 17, 34, 51, 16, 83, was a beautiful Cretan lady.

My 14, 82, 63, 75, 66, 26, 70, 46, 21, was the god of mirth and smiles.

My 60, 24, 47, 68, 53, 87, 50, was a vestal virgin, who betrayed the Capitol to the Albans.

My 79, 63, 132, 84, 104, 120, was a goddess worshipped for war.

My 89, 93, 109, 105, 102, 82, 132, 126, was a King of Sparta.

My 96, 102, 110, 35, 36, 92, 101, was a woman made by Vulcan at the command of Jupiter.

My 101, 93, 84, 123, 142, 127, 110, 140, was the daughter of Menelaus and Helen.

My 100, 121, 90, 112, 125, 109, 84, was the grandfather of Romulus and Remus.

My 22, 122, 82, 20, 114, 91, 78, 98, 23, 72, 108, was a poor gardener, who was made King of Sidon.

My 19, 139, 93, 141, 69, 116, 124, 135, was the daughter of Mars and Venus.

My 42, 132, 143, 86, 30, 88, 129, 136, was a King of Corinth, who divulged the secrets of the gods.

My 55, 67, 97, 43, 92, 52, 85, 96, 70, 80, was one of the Three Graces.

My 49, 2, 70, 98, 123, 83, 39, 58, 138, was the son of Tros, King of Troy, and cupbearer of Jupiter.

My 25, 99, 106, 17, 76, 28, 88, 139, were the sons of Titan, and of monstrous size.

My 78, 33, 47, 55, 137, 92, 138, 57, 85, was a name of Jupiter.

My 131, 98, 20, 44, 12, 81, 126, 134, 121, 118, was a beautiful boy.

My 118, 5, 84, 125, 75, 135, 21, was an ancient poet of Athens.

My 74, 32, 118, 47, 121, 66, 130, 124, were the people of Hetruna.

My 31, 1, 140, 77, 54, 93, 80, 13, was a Thessalian lady of great spirit.

My 51, 61, 93, 123, 138, 21, was the sister of Saturn.

My 56, 114, 77, 58, 61, 53, was one of the three destinies.

My 37, 24, 84, 103, 14, 73, 46, 120, was the ancient name of the town of Warwick, in England.

My 113, 5, 27, 115, 95, 7, was one of the ten famous orators commended by Cicero.

My 19, 50, 133, 144, 29, was the most valiant of all the Trojans.

My 11, 116, 69, 40, 124, 70, 106, is what you must be to find this enigma.

My 94, 46, 123, 122, 46, 117, is what the writer of this is.

My whole was a celebrated speech of a King of the fifteenth century.

Woodstock, N. Brunswick. F. A. B.

Problem.

In 1864, the assessed value on property in the state of New York was $1,454,454,819. Now if this amount of money was in a solid gold ball, what would be its diameter? If in a silver ball, what would be its diameter? If in one-dollar bills three by seven inches, how many acres would they cover?

FELIX.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Who is the straitest man mentioned in the Bible? Ans.—Joseph, because Pharaoh made a ruler of him.

☞ Why is a dog longer in the morning than at night? Ans.—Because you take him in at night, and let him out in the morning.

☞ Why is a balloon like silence? Ans.—Because it gives ascent.

☞ Why is a proud woman like a music-book? Ans.—She is full of airs.

☞ Why are kisses like creation? Ans.—Because they are made out of nothing, and are very good.

Cranberry Roll.—Stew a quart of cranberries in just water enough to keep them from burning; make it very sweet, strain it through a colander, and set it away to cool; when quite cold, make a paste as for apple pudding; spread the cranberries about an inch thick; roll it up in a floured cloth, and tie it close at the ends; boil it two hours, and serve it with sweet sauce. Stewed apples, or any other kind of fruit may be made in the same way.

Scalloped Oysters.—Wash out of the liquor two quarts of oysters, pound very fine eight soft crackers, or grate a stale loaf of bread; butter a deep dish, sprinkle in a layer of crumbs, then a layer of oysters, a little mace, pepper, and bits of butter; another layer of crumbs, another of oysters, then seasoning as before, and so on until the dish is filled: cover the dish over with bread crumbs, seasoning as before; turn over it a cup of the oyster liquor. Set it into the oven for thirty or forty minutes to brown. This is an excellent way to prepare oysters for a family dinner.

Dough-nuts.—Take three pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one and a half pound of sugar; cut the butter fine into the flour; beat six eggs light, and put them in; add two wine-glasses of yeast, one pint of milk, some cinnamon, mace, and nutmeg; make it up into a light dough, and put it to rise. When it is light enough, roll out the paste, cut it in small pieces, and boil them in lard.

Chicken Pie.—Cut up a chicken, and if old boil 15 minutes in water, which save, to put in the pie; make paste and put in the dish, cutting out the middle lay in the chicken, dust flour over and put in butter, pepper, and salt; cover them with the water, roll out the top crust quite thick, and close the pie round the edge; make an opening in the middle with a knife; let it bake an hour. If warmed over next day, pour off the gravy and warm separately; add it to the pie to serve.

Method of Stopping Blood.—If an important part be severely wounded, such as any part of the arms, legs, thighs, etc., attended with a profuse discharge of blood, compression, until a surgeon arrives, should be made by the bystanders, in the following manner, by means of a bandage, garter, or handkerchief, viz: tie it loosely round the limb, and introduce a piece of stick, sufficiently strong for the purpose, about a foot long, and twist the bandage round, tight enough to check the discharge.